

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

From every man according to his ability: to every one according to his needs.

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No. 1.



BY H. G. WELLS.

THE HEAT RAY IN THE CHOBHAM ROAD.

IT is still a matter of wonder how the Martians could slay men so swiftly and silently. Many think that in some way they were able to generate an intense heat in a chamber of practically absolute non-conductivity. This intense heat they projected by means of a polished parabolic mirror of unknown composition in a parallel beam against any object they chose, much as the parabolic mirror of a lighthouse projects a beam of light. But no one has absolutely proved these details. However it was done, it is certain that a beam of heat was the essence of the matter—heat and invisible heat instead of light. Whatever was combustible flashed into flame at its touch; lead ran like water; it softened iron and cracked and melted glass, and when it fell upon water, incontinently that exploded into steam. That night nearly forty people lay under the starlight about the pit, charred and distorted beyond recognition; and all night long the com-

mon from Horsell to Maybury was deserted and brightly ablaze.

The news of the massacre probably reached Woking, Chobham and Otter-shaw about the same time. In Woking the shops had closed when the tragedy happened, and a number of people—shop people and so forth—attracted by the stories they had heard, were walking over Horsell bridge and along the road between the hedges that run out at last upon the common. You may imagine the young people brushed up after the labors of the day, and making this novelty, as they would make any novelty, the excuse for walking together and enjoying a little innocent flirtation; you may figure to yourself the hum of voices along the road in the gloaming. As yet, of course, few people in Woking even knew that the shell had opened, though poor Henderson had sent a messenger on a bicycle to the post-office with a special wire to an evening paper. As these folks

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came out upon the open by twos and threes, however, they found little knots of people standing, talking excitedly and peering at the shining mirror over the sand-pits, and the newcomers were soon infected with the strange excitement of the occasion. By half-past eight, when the deputation was destroyed, there may have been a crowd there of three hundred or more, besides those who had left the road to approach the Martians nearer.

There were three policemen, too, one of whom was mounted, doing their best, under instructions from Stent, to keep the people back and deter them from approaching the cylinder.

There was some booing from those more thoughtless and excitable souls to whom a crowd is always an occasion for loud noise and horseplay.

Stent and Ogilvy, anticipating some possibilities of a collision had telegraphed from Horsell to the barracks as soon as the Martians emerged, for the help of a company of soldiers to protect these strange creatures from violence. After that it was they returned to lead that ill-fated advance. The description of their death, as it was seen by the crowd, tallies very closely with my own impressions—the three puffs of green smoke, the deep humming note and the splashes of flame.

But that crowd of people had a far nearer escape than mine. Only the fact

that a hummock of heathery sand intercepted the lower part of the heat ray saved them. Had the elevation of the parabolic mirror been a few yards higher, none could have lived to tell the tale. They saw the flashes and the men falling; they saw an invisible hand lighting the bushes as it hurried toward them through the twilight. Then with a whistling note mingling with the droning of the pit, the beam swung over their heads,

lighting the tops of the beech trees that line the road, and splitting the bricks, smashing the windows, firing the window frames, and bringing down in crumbling ruin a part of the gable of the house nearest the corner.

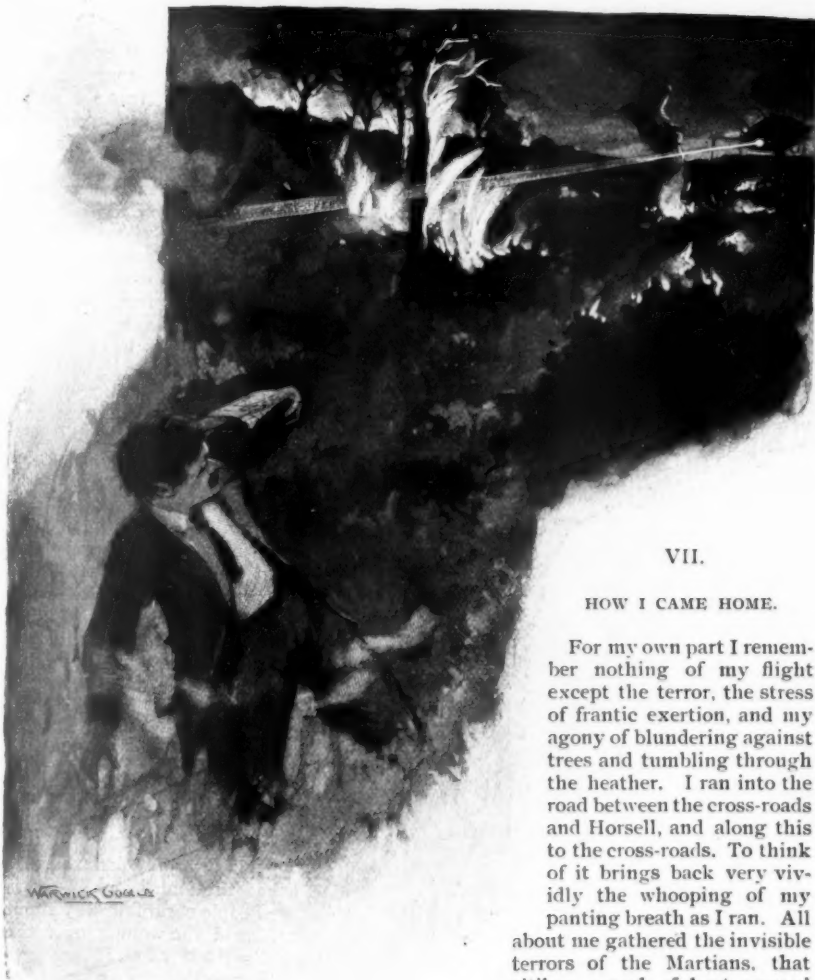
In the sudden thud and hiss and glare of the ignited trees the panic-stricken crowd seems to have swayed hesitatingly for some moments. The sudden burst of flame overhead and the black shadows jumping about them must have been intensely disconcerting in

themselves. There were shrieks and shouts, and the mounted policeman came galloping through the confusion with his hands clasped over his head, and screaming. Sparks and burning twigs began to fall into the road, and single leaves, like puffs of flame, that never reached the ground. A girl's dress caught fire. Then came a crying from the common. "They're coming!" shrieked a woman; and incon-



Drawn by
Warwick Goble.

"PROJECTED BY MEANS OF A PARABOLIC MIRROR."



Drawn by Warwick Goble.

"FLASHED INTO FLAME AT ITS TOUCH."

tinently every one was turning and pushing at those behind, in order to clear their way to Woking again. Where the road grows narrow between the high banks, the crowd jammed, a hideous struggle occurred, and two women and a little boy were left crushed and dying there amidst the terror and the darkness.

VII.

HOW I CAME HOME.

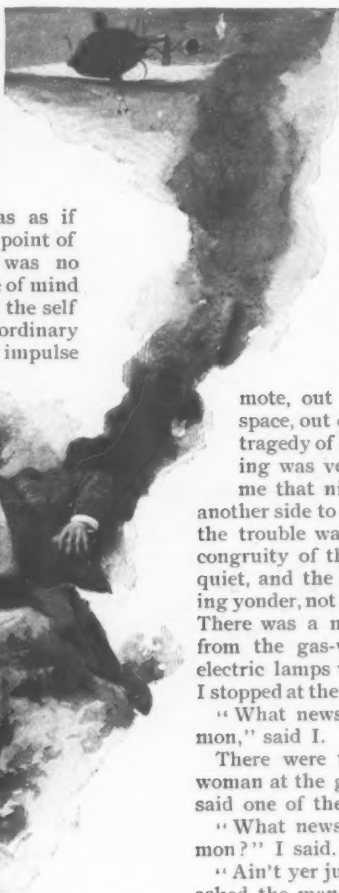
For my own part I remember nothing of my flight except the terror, the stress of frantic exertion, and my agony of blundering against trees and tumbling through the heather. I ran into the road between the cross-roads and Horsell, and along this to the cross-roads. To think of it brings back very vividly the whooping of my panting breath as I ran. All about me gathered the invisible terrors of the Martians, that pitiless sword of heat seemed whirling to and fro, flourishing overhead before it descended and smote me out of life. At last I could go no further, I was exhausted with the violence of my emotion and of my flight, my knees smote together, and I staggered and fell senseless by the wayside. That was near the bridge that crosses the canal by the gasworks. I fell and lay insensible for I know not how long. When I came to, I sat up, strangely perplexed. For a moment, perhaps, I could not clearly understand how I came

there. My terror had fallen from me like a garment. My hat was gone and my collar had burst away from its stud. A few minutes before there had been only three real things before me, the immensity of the night and space and nature, my own feebleness and anguish, and the near approach of death. Now it was as if something turned over and the point of view altered abruptly. There was no sensible transition from one state of mind to the other. I was immediately the self of every day again—a decent, ordinary citizen. The silent common, the impulse of my flight, the starting flames, was as if it were a dream. I asked myself, had these latter things indeed happened? I could not credit it. I rose and walked unsteadily up the steep incline of the bridge. My knees were stiff, my muscles and nerves seemed drained of their strength. I dare say I staggered drunkenly. A head rose over the arch, and the figure of a workman carrying a basket appeared. Beside

*Drawn by
Warwick Goble.*

"I REMEMBER NOTHING OF MY FLIGHT." him ran a little boy. He passed me, wishing me good-night. I was minded to speak to him and did not. I answered his greeting with a mumble, and went on over the bridge. Over the Maybury arch a train, a billowing tumult of white, firelit smoke and a long caterpillar of lighted windows went flying south, clatter, clatter, clap, rap, and it had gone. A dim group of people talked at the gate of one of the houses in the pretty little row of gables that was called Oriental Terrace. It was all so real and so familiar. And that behind me! It was frantic, fantastic! such things I told myself could not be.

Perhaps I am a man of exceptional



moods. I do not know how far my experience is common. At times I suffer from the strangest sense of utter detachment from myself and the world about me; I seem to watch it all from the outside, from some where inconceivably re-

mote, out of time, out of space, out of the stress and tragedy of it all. This feeling was very strong upon me that night. Here was another side to my dream. But the trouble was the blank incongruity of this security and quiet, and the swift death flying yonder, not two miles away. There was a noise of business from the gas-works and the electric lamps were all alight. I stopped at the group of people.

"What news from the common," said I.

There were two men and a woman at the gate. "Eigh?" said one of the men, turning.

"What news from the common?" I said.

"Ain't yer just *been* there?" asked the man.

"People seem fair silly about the common," said the woman over the gate. "What's it all about?"

It seemed impossible to make these people grasp a terror upon which my mind even could not retain its grip of realization. "Haven't you heard of the men from Mars?" said I.

"Quite enough," said the woman over the gate; "thanks," and all three of them laughed.

I felt foolish and angry. "You'll hear more yet," I said and went on to my home. I startled my wife at the doorway, so haggard and dishevelled was I. I went into the dining-room, sat down and told her all that I had seen. The

dinner, which was a cold one, had already been served and remained neglected on the table while I told my story.

"There is one thing," I said, to allay the fears I had roused. "They are the most sluggish things I ever saw crawl. They may keep the pit and kill people who come near them but they cannot get out of it. But the horror of them!"

"Don't, dear," said my wife, knitting her brows, and putting her hand on mine.

"Poor Ogilvy!" I said. "To think he may be lying dead there!"

My wife, at least, did not find my experience incredible. She ate scarcely a mouthful of dinner, and ever and again she shuddered at my too vivid story of the death of the flag-bearers. When I saw how deadly white her face was I ceased describing. "They may come here," she said, again and again. I pressed her to take wine and tried to reassure her. "They can scarcely move," I said. I repeated all that Ogilvy had told me of the impossibility of the Martians establishing themselves on the earth, at first for her comfort and then, I found, for my own.

In particular I laid stress on the gravitation difficulty. On the surface of the earth the force of gravity is three times what it is on the surface of Mars. A Martian, therefore, would weigh three times more than on Mars, albeit his muscular strength would be the same. His own body would be a cope of lead to him, there-

fore. Both the "Times" and the "Daily Telegraph" repeated this consideration the next morning, and both overlooked a modifying influence. The atmosphere of the earth, we now know, contains far more oxygen or far less argon (whichever way one likes to put it) than does Mars. The invigorating influence of this excess of oxygen upon the Martians indisputably did much to counterbalance the increased

weight of their bodies. But I did not consider that at the time. With wine and food and the confidence of my own table and the necessity of reassuring my wife, I grew by insensible degrees courageous. "They have done a foolish thing," said I, fingering my wine-glass. "They are dangerous because, no doubt, they are

mad with terror. Perhaps they expected to find no living things—certainly no intelligent living things."

"A shell in the pit," said I, "if the worst comes to the worst, will kill them all."

The intense excitements of the events had no doubt left my perceptive powers in a state of erethism. I remember that dinner-table with extraordinary vividness even now. My dear wife's sweet, anxious face peering at me from under the pink lamp shade, the white cloth with its silver and glass table furniture—for in those days, even quite unpopular

writers had many little luxuries—the crimson-purple wine in my glass are photographically distinct. At the end of it I sat, tempering nuts with a cigarette, regretting Ogilvy's rashness, and denouncing the short-sighted timidity of the Martians. So some respectable dodo in the Mauritius might have lorded it in his



Drawn by Warwick Goble.
"HALF A DOZEN VILLAS
BURNING."

nest, and discussed the arrival of that shipful of pitiless sailors in want of animal food. "We will peck them to death to-morrow, my dear."

I did not know it, but that was the last civilized dinner I was to eat for very many strange and terrible days.

VIII.

FRIDAY NIGHT.

The most extraordinary thing, to my mind, of all the strange and wonderful things that happened upon that blackest of Black Fridays, was the dovetailing of the commonplace habits of our social order, with the first beginnings of the series of events that was to topple that social order headlong. If, on Friday night, you had taken a pair of compasses and drawn a circle with a radius of five miles round the Woking sandpits, I doubt if you would have had one human being outside it, unless it was some relation of Stent or the three or four cyclists or London people who lay dead on the common, whose emotions or habits were at all affected by the newcomers. Many people had heard of the cylinder, of course, and talked about it in their leisure, but it certainly did not make the sensation an ultimatum to Germany would have done. In London, that night, poor Henderson's telegram describing the gradual unscrewing of the shell, was judged to be a canard, and his evening paper, after wiring for authentication to him and receiving no reply—for the post-office had closed—decided not to print a special edition.

Within the five mile circle, even the great majority of people were inert. I

have already described the behavior of the man and woman I spoke to. All over the district people were dining and supping, working men were gardening after the labors of the day, children were being put to bed, young people were wandering through the lanes love-making, students sat over their books. Maybe there was a murmur in the village streets, a novel and dominant topic in the public houses, and here and there a messenger, or even an eye-witness of the later occurrences caused a whirl of excitement, a shouting and a running to and fro, but

for the most part, the daily routine of working, eating, drinking, sleeping went on as it had done for countless years, as though no planet Mars existed in the sky. Even at Woking Station and Horsell and Chobham that was the case. In Woking Junction, until a late hour, trains were stopping and going on, others were shunting on the sidings, passengers were alighting and waiting, and everything was proceeding in the most ordinary way. A boy from the town, trenching on Smith's monopoly, was selling papers with the afternoon's news. The ringing and impact of trucks, the sharp whistle of

the engines from the junction, mingled with their shouts of "Men from Mars." Excited men came into the station with incredible tidings about nine o'clock, and caused no more disturbance than drunkards might have done. People rattling Londonwards peered into the darkness outside the carriage windows and saw only a rare, flickering vanishing spark dance up from the direction of Horsell, a red glow and a thin veil of smoke driving across the stars, and thought that nothing more serious than a common heath fire



Drawn by Cosmo Rowe.

"I STARTLED MY WIFE AT THE DOORWAY."



Drawn by Warwick Goble.

"THEY SAW THE FLASHES AND THE
MEN FALLING."

was happening. It was only round the edge of the common that any disturbance was perceptible. There were half a dozen villas burning on the Woking border, there were lights in all the houses on the common side of the three villages, and the people there kept awake until dawn. A curious crowd lingered restlessly, people coming and going, but the crowd remaining, both on the Chobham and Horsell bridges. One or two adventurous souls, it was afterward found, went into the darkness and crawled quite near the Martians; but they never returned, for from the eyes of the Martians darkness was no concealment. Save for such, that big area of common was silent and desolate, and the charred bodies lay about it all night

(To be continued.)

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under the stars, and all the next day. A noise of hammering from the pit was heard by many people. So you have the state of things on Friday night. In the center, sticking into the skin of our old planet Earth, like a poisoned dart, was this cylinder. But the poison was scarcely working yet. Around it was a patch of silent common, smoldering in places, and with a few dark, dimly seen objects lying in contorted attitudes here and there. Here and there was a burning bush or tree. Beyond was a fringe of excitement, and further than that fringe the inflammation had not crept as yet. In the rest of the world, the stream of life still flowed as it has flowed for immemorial years. The fever of war, that would presently clog vein and artery, deaden nerve and destroy brain, had still to develop. All night long the Martians were hammering and stirring, and now and again a puff of greenish-white smoke whirled up out of the pit toward the starlit sky.

About eleven, a company of soldiers came through Horsell and deployed along the edge of the common to form a cordon. Later, a second company marched through Chobham to deploy on the north side of the common. Several officers from the Inkermann Barracks had been on the common earlier in the day, and one, Major Eden, was reported to be missing. The colonel of the regiment came on with them and was busy questioning the crowd at midnight. The military authorities were certainly early alive to the seriousness of the business. About eleven, the next morning's papers were able to say, a squadron of hussars, two Maxims, and about four hundred men of the Cardigan Regiment started from Aldershot. A few seconds after midnight, the crowd in the Chertsey road, Woking, saw a star fall from heaven into the pine woods to the northwest. It fell with a greenish light, causing a flash of light like summer lightning. Soon after, these pine woods and others about the Byfleet golf links were seen to be on fire.



BY NANNIE-BELLE MAURY.

THE topic of public libraries—"intellectual lighthouses," as some one has called them—is in the air. Boston's beautiful building is much discussed, and New Yorkers are deeply interested in the great library to be formed by combining the Astor, Lenox and Tilden foundations. Meanwhile, the nation's new public library at Washington is nearing completion.

It is an imposing granite building situated on the eastern heights of the city, directly opposite the east front of the Capitol, and surmounted by a golden

dome reaching about one-third the height of the Washington monument. From far down the Potomac one can see this glistening landmark, which is second only to the dome of St. Isaac's, in St. Petersburg—the largest gilded dome in the world.

Very nearly four acres are covered by the immense structure, built of New Hampshire granite, on foundation walls as solid and enduring as the ground they rest upon. The whole effect of the building is of massive strength and durability. It seems as though not even an earth-



THE NEW LIBRARY BUILDING.

quake could dislodge those ponderous blocks from the old Granite State.

The style is dignified rather than beautiful. The idea of unobtrusive simplicity has been admirably carried out by General Casey and his assistants, who realized that in putting another building so close to the Capitol they were handicapped from the start and must aim at

harmony rather than originality. So the library dome has been sacrificed to the Capitol dome, and is criticised for its flatness and lack of grace; but, as one of the officers laughingly explained, "You see we had to avoid anything like rivalry, especially with regard to the dome, otherwise it would have looked like the old cat and her kitten."



Photographed for The Cosmopolitan by C. M. Bell.

THE UPPER STAIRWAY.



In viewing it, you feel instinctively that you are looking at a great and lasting monument, built to endure for centuries. It is capable of accommodating twice as many books as the largest library in the world—the one in Paris—now contains.



One of the great features of the exterior is the beautiful carvings with which it is ornamented, and chief among these are thirty-three heads, used as keystones to window arches. They represent all the different races of the earth, including every type of man, from the Anglo-Saxon lord of creation down to the lowest savage. Both in design and workmanship they are wonderful specimens of modern art. The types are made as



characteristic as possible, and the strong, finely chiseled features are full of expression. The most astonishing thing about them is that these subtle effects (as delicate and exquisite in detail as a marble statue) are wrought in uncompromising, adamant granite. They are actual likenesses of living men, whose photographs were copied in plaster and then faithfully chiseled,



line for line, by some of the best artisans in the country. In some instances, where no one photograph seemed to give a sufficiently characteristic type of a particular race, a composite photograph was made, so as to bring out the salient characteristics in greater strength. To the Smithsonian Institution, and to Professor Mason in particular, the library owes its collection



MAIN ENTRANCE.

of these interesting and beautiful heads. He it was who first suggested the idea and then collected the material for carrying it out. When he came to the savage and uncivilized races, Professor Mason got his photographs by a system of exchange with foreign scientists engaged in

minister with those of his secretary. Both of these gentlemen lent their countenance—in every sense of the word—to the good cause, and posed as models with great amiability.

Some of the photographs were not gotten especially for this particular object,



Photographed for The Cosmopolitan by C. M. Bell.

DECORATIONS IN THE DOME.

studying the same types. Photographs of American Indians, for instance, he offered for an equal number of Negritos or South Sea Islanders.

The Mongolian race as represented on one of the keystones is a skilful combination of the features of the ex-Chinese

but were selected with great care from the Smithsonian collection by experts, and all are from life, and not from idealized pictures.

The main entrance to the library is by three arched doorways, side by side, leading into a splendid entrance hall, spacious

and lofty, and lined with highly polished marble. Two flights of marble stairs sweep majestically upward to the right and left, guarded by balustrades carved in high relief, and representing a succession of cherubs who depict science, art, industry and the professions and pursuits of man.

The officer who acted as a guide said, with a grim smile, as he laid his hand on the chubby foot of a particularly life-like baby: "Just look at this little fellow's toe. Did you ever see anything so natural and pretty as the way it curls? I'd like to bet that in less than six weeks after the library is opened to the public some vandal will have chipped it off." But I can't think so badly as that of the people who were so susceptible to the beauty of the White City at Chicago.

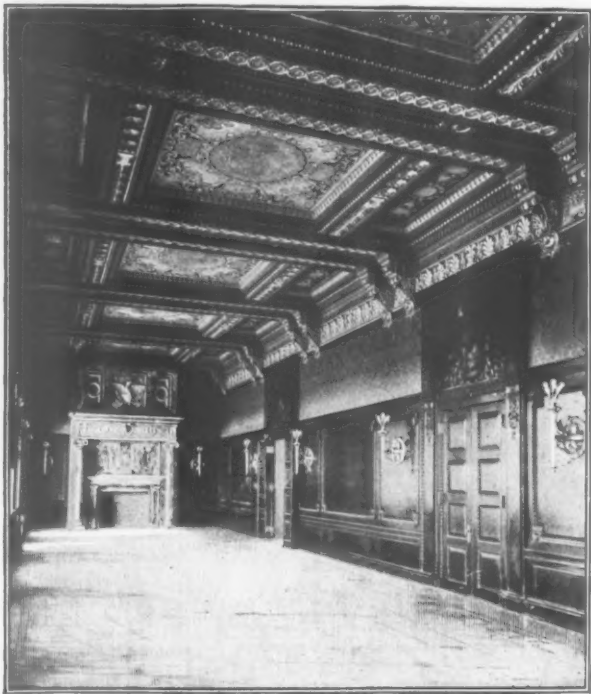
Directly opposite the entrance doors and midway between the two flights of stairs is a fine portal of white marble, like a triumphal arch, leading to the

rotunda, which is the reading-room. It is a royal and fitting gateway to the temple of learning, surmounted by the sculptured figures of two students, a youth and an old man, the work of Mr. Olin L. Warner of New York.

The regulations require the present reading-room to be open every week-day throughout the year from nine to four, and during the session of Congress from nine until the hour of adjournment. Its tables are always crowded. People from all parts of the globe are to be found there. One of the great uses of the library is the facilities it supplies to students in the many colleges and seminaries at the national capital, and on a Saturday the schools turn loose scores of pupils in search of knowledge.

The entrance hall is particularly worthy of note because all of Washington's public buildings are deficient and disappointing in this respect. A stranger's first impression on entering one of them is a

feeling of disillusion and surprise at the insignificant vestibules or corridors which give access to such imposing edifices. The plan of the library is a central, circular reading-room, flanked on the north and south by two halls, each containing an enormous book stack of iron and marble reaching up nine stories, and capable of holding a million volumes each. The windows of these book-chambers look into four large courts which are enclosed by the outer wall of the building. A lofty corridor with offices, small reading-rooms, etc., opening into it, runs round the vast square of the entire building, its walls faced high with polished marble from the different states.



Photographed for The Cosmopolitan by C. M. Bell.

READING-ROOM FOR MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.



Photographed for The Cosmopolitan by C. M. Bell.

MAIN READING-ROOM.

The Georgia and Vermont marble is side by side; a pleasant suggestion of the peace and good fellowship now existing between the North and South.

On the eastern side is a third and smaller book-stack with room for two hundred and fifty thousand volumes, while around the rotunda are alcoves with shelving for as many more. In short, this great national library is built for the

future, and will provide room for the nation's books for nearly two centuries to come.

It is the largest library building in the world; the best lighted and the best ventilated. As I said before it is capable of holding twice as many books as the famous library of the French government, which numbers two million three hundred thousand volumes. The cost of the



building is limited to six million dollars. None but American artists were employed to decorate the walls. Mr. E. H. Blashfield of New York did the frescoing in the dome, and Elihu Vedder was commissioned to paint a series of ideal pictures on the walls of the stair hall, representing the results of good and bad government. The reading-room is octagonal in shape, and a hundred feet in diameter. Its ceiling is the dome, a great white canopy arching overhead a hundred and twenty-five feet above the mosaic pavement and richly ornamented with carvings. Whatever may be said of the lack of grace in the flatness of the dome—as seen from the outside—nothing could be more disarming than the beauty of its interior lines. It is graceful, light, airy; everything that a dome should be. Each of the eight sides of the rotunda is guarded by a splendid arch-



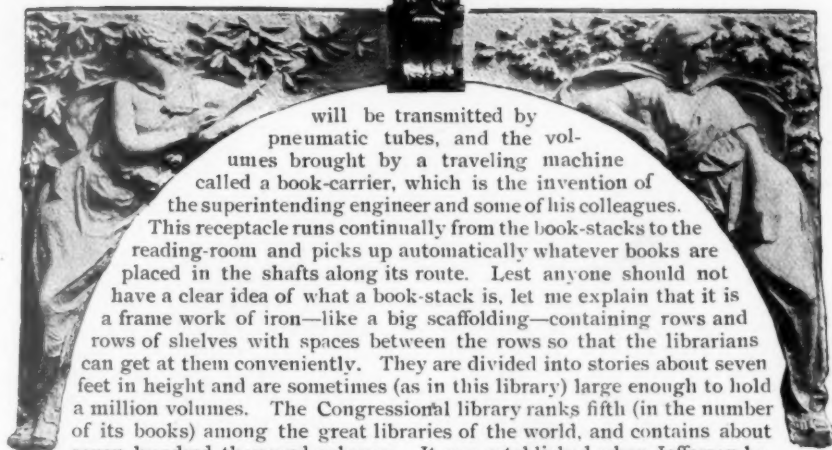
Photographed for The Cosmopolitan by C. M. Bell.

BOOK-STACKS—INVENTION OF GEN. CASEY.

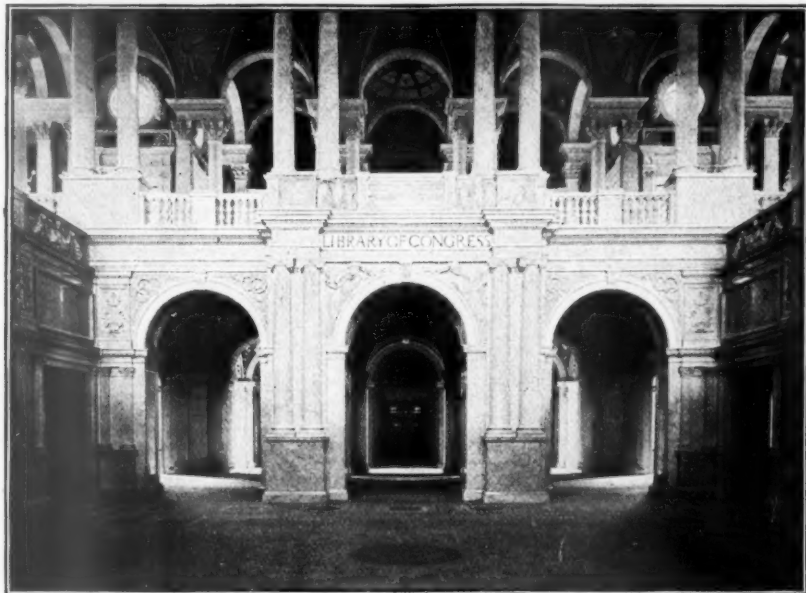


way of Sienna marble, its incomparable mellow yellow tints veined in black, and at each bend of the octagon stand colossal polished columns of red African marble as warm and glowing as a tropic sunset. The place is more like some temple of ancient times than a nineteenth century reading-room. There is an effect of great space above and around. As somebody has said in describing Bates Hall, in the Boston Public Library: "It gives to the visitor an uplifting sensation; it makes a man feel that he should throw back his shoulders, stand up straight, and draw his breath from the bottom of his lungs." The thought of ventilation doesn't occur to you. That great soaring dome no more seems to shut you in than the blue arch of the sky. The whole surface of the dome is covered with carving (or rather moldings and figures in staff), of most intricate and beautiful design, which are illuminated with touches of gold. But the airiness of it, the breathing space! Surely there never could be a more ideal reading-room than this magnificent rotunda.

It affords ample space for three hundred readers and is arranged somewhat after the plan of the British Museum library, with tables converging to the centre where sit the superintendent and his assistants with the whole assemblage of readers under their eyes. The orders for books



will be transmitted by pneumatic tubes, and the volumes brought by a traveling machine called a book-carrier, which is the invention of the superintending engineer and some of his colleagues. This receptacle runs continually from the book-stacks to the reading-room and picks up automatically whatever books are placed in the shafts along its route. Lest anyone should not have a clear idea of what a book-stack is, let me explain that it is a frame work of iron—like a big scaffolding—containing rows and rows of shelves with spaces between the rows so that the librarians can get at them conveniently. They are divided into stories about seven feet in height and are sometimes (as in this library) large enough to hold a million volumes. The Congressional library ranks fifth (in the number of its books) among the great libraries of the world, and contains about seven hundred thousand volumes. It was established when Jefferson became President of the United States, and a few years later the little collection of books was destroyed on that memorable day in August, 1814, when the British set fire to the Capitol, the president's house and all the government buildings in Washington. Congress at once voted seventy-five thousand dollars in one sum for the purchase of more books, and seventy-two thousand five hundred for rebuilding the alcoves and shelves in solid iron. It was the first instance of the use of iron to form the interior of a public building in America. When Jefferson got into financial difficulties at Monticello, he offered his own library for sale to the government and it



Photographed for The Cosmopolitan by C. M. Bell.

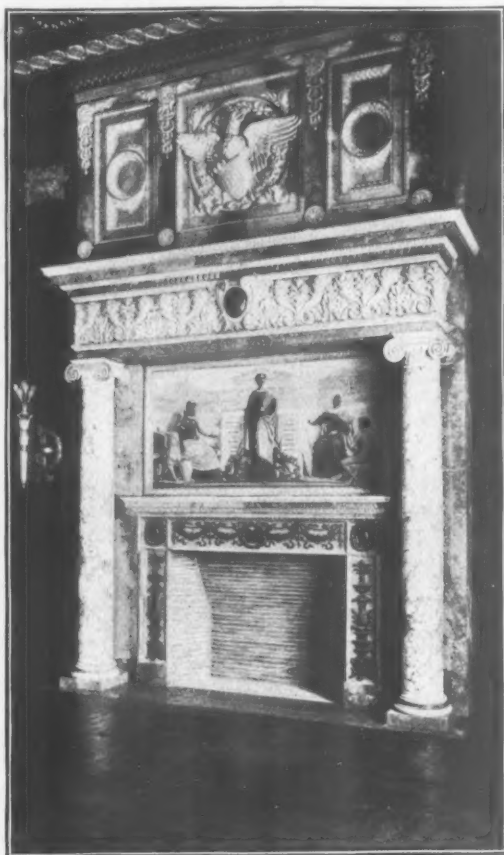
THE ENTRANCE HALL.

was bought for twenty-three thousand dollars—about half the sum he had paid for his seven thousand volumes, many of which were very rare and costly. They were hauled in wagons from Monticello to Washington. In 1851 another fire destroyed a part of the library and thirty-five thousand books, including some of the most valuable, were lost in the flames. The library of Congress had so much to contend with in childhood that it is a wonder how it has managed to grow to its present proportions in so short a time. It is especially rich in newspapers and periodicals, both American and foreign, and contains full sets of most of the British reviews and magazines. In American periodicals a century and a half is represented, and of newspapers alone there are about fifteen thousand bound volumes. For many years it has been the custom to bind up files of at least two journals from every State and Territory representing each political party, and the librarian says that there is no department more constantly used than this wilderness of newspapers.

The law department of the library contains the largest and most carefully selected collection of law books in America. There is also an important collec-

tion of publications of foreign and American scientific associations, contributed mainly through the Smithsonian Institution and comprising some fifty thousand volumes. They number among them many rare series not easily to be found elsewhere. The valuable historical library of Peter Force (one of Washing-

ton's eccentric characters) was bought by the government and added to the national collection, and in 1882 Dr. J. M. Toner, of Washington, presented his library of about thirty thousand volumes to the United States. The Toner library consists chiefly of medical, historical and biographical works and a large mass of Washingtoniana. This is worthy of note as the first instance in this country of the donation of a large private library to the government. In foreign literature the congressional library is deficient, but, year by year, rare old books are assiduously



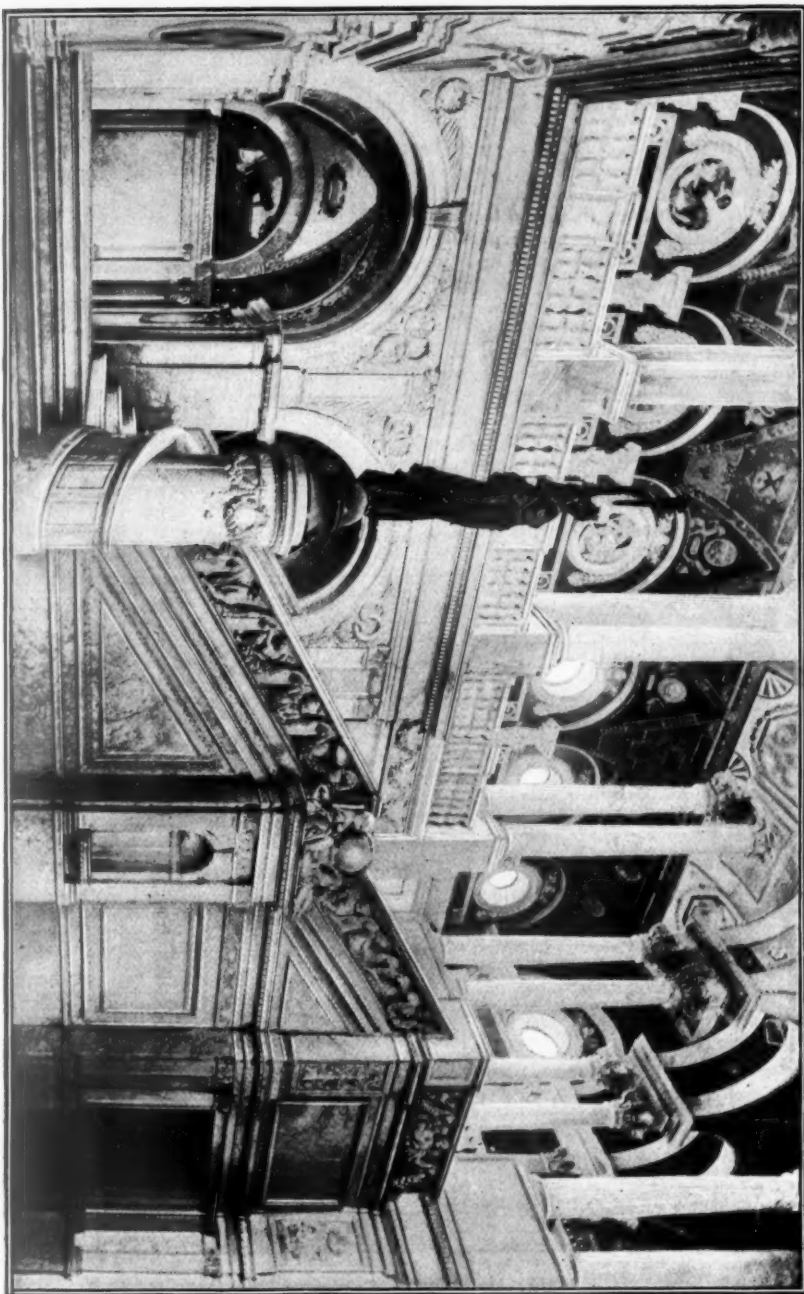
Photographed for The Cosmopolitan by C. M. Bell.

MANTELPiece IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
READING-ROOM.

hunted out and added to its store, and the most important new books of the day are secured. The yearly appropriation of about eleven thousand dollars for this purpose seems very small when compared with the sixty thousand annually devoted to the increase of the British Museum library, or even with the sums expended by public

Photographed for The Competition by C. M. Bell.

NORTH STAIRWAY IN ENTRANCE HALL.



libraries in some of our large cities, especially when nearly three thousand dollars are required to keep up the subscriptions for foreign magazines, reviews and other serial publications which must be taken.

Two copies of every book copyrighted in this country are deposited in the library according to act of congress. That includes everything, from a dime novel to the daintiest and most costly editions, and all magazines, pamphlets, music, maps and whatsoever is protected by copyright. One copy is for the use of the public, and the other for preservation. The English law is more severe and demands five copies of each book, which are deposited in five different libraries.

The "Library of Congress" does not seem to be the proper title for the nation's storehouse of books. Jefferson called it the "Library of the United States;" and so it is—a national public library gathered especially for the use of congress,

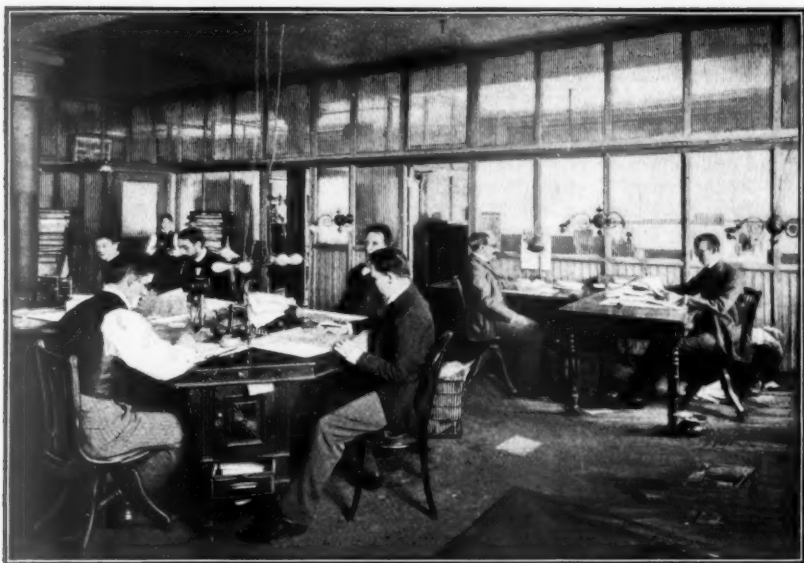
the supreme court and the executive branches of the government, but open from the beginning to all readers over sixteen years of age, without formality or introduction, and freer than any other public library in the world.

The President of the United States appoints the librarian of congress, and he in turn his assistants. A joint committee of both houses of congress has charge of the affairs of the library. The present librarian, Mr. Ainsworth R. Spofford, has been at his post for thirty-six years, and was appointed by President Lincoln. He is a man peculiarly fitted for this position, and is himself a living store-house of knowledge. He can tell you in an instant what book will best help you on any subject you are studying, and where to find it. There seems to be absolutely no limit to his memory. He is a landmark and an institution of the national capital, and one can no more imagine the Congressional library without Mr. Spofford than Capitol Hill without the Capitol.



Photographed for The Cosmopolitan by C. M. Bell.

MOSAIC CEILING IN ONE OF THE CORRIDORS.



MAIN ROOM OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS IN NEW YORK, WITH EXECUTIVE AND EDITORIAL OFFICES ADJOINING.

GREAT BUSINESS OPERATIONS.—THE COLLECTION OF NEWS.

BY T. B. CONNERY.

A GLANCE at the pages of any of the early newspapers—say of the fifteenth or sixteenth century—will show that the publishers or editors made no effort to gather the news or to guide public opinion. One readily detects the reason after a moment's reflection. Readers looked upon the little printed sheets more as curious products of human ingenuity, like the phonograph in our own days, than as something destined for the double purpose of instructing and supplying mankind with a knowledge of the current events of the world. The first journal of the world, the "Gazette," of Nuremberg, which appeared in 1457, was not even called a newspaper. The appellation "gazette" was chosen because it represented the price of a copy, *gazetta* being a Venetian coin in circulation at that period.

It was not for a century or two later that the journals began to assume titles suggestive of the idea of news. There were gazettes in every part of Europe at the start, but the *Mercuries*, *Courants*, *Timeses*, *Records* and *Heralds* were not

thought of in the early days. Indeed, it seems evident that the first projectors or printers of what to-day are called newspapers, had no conception of the tremendous possibilities of the great machine which they were starting on its revolutionary career down the ages.

Gradually the true scope and utility of the new power dawned upon the publishers, and it began to expand slowly and surely until, in the eighteenth century, it had assumed its double character of news purveyor and public instructor. Now the journal is, above all, a provider of news from all parts of the world. It is the life-blood of a great journal, and millions of dollars are expended annually to gather, sift and publish the daily events of the busy world. At first the gathering and sifting were done by each newspaper independently; but, experience proving that much money and labor were needlessly wasted in that way, the idea of combinations for the collection of news, within certain lines, naturally suggested itself.

To whom belongs the honor of this idea? To the first James Gordon Bennett, or to David Hale, the business manager of the "Journal of Commerce," which was a prosperous, enterprising paper before the New York "Herald" was founded? I am unable to state, and I doubt if there be a man living to-day who can decide the point authoritatively. I have heard the honor claimed for Frederick Hudson, long the manager of the great "Herald," but I never heard Mr. Hudson himself make any claim of the kind. It seems only to be based on the fact that Mr. Hudson happened to be the first person whom Mr. David Hale saw in the "Herald," office when he went there to propose an alliance for news-gathering between the "Journal of Commerce," then one of the "blanket sheets," and the sprightly "Herald," which was waking up the old foggy journals by its dash and enterprise.

It is due to Mr. David Hale to state that it was he who gave the first great impetus to metropolitan journalism in the news line. He had been with the "Journal of Commerce" from its first number, when the Abolition agitators, Lewis and Arthur Tappan, were chief owners; but he had never been able to carry out his own ideas of progressive management until, in 1828, he obtained exclusive control. Hale was a clear-headed business man, full of energy and determined to succeed. When he took charge there were two other leading journals, the "Morning Courier," edited by

James Watson Webb, and the New York "Inquirer," edited by Major Mordecai Noah. The two soon after became one, under the title of "The Courier and Inquirer," with Webb as editor and proprietor.

Before this period very little attention had been paid to local, state or national news; and even for the foreign events editors were content to wait until some packet ship from Europe reached the upper bay and anchored there. Then and not until then would they row out to the ship and secure whatever newspapers

and information might be procurable from the captains. Remember, that as yet there was neither telegraph nor steamship, nor were the postal facilities great, and there seemed very little of the spirit of rivalry. The news contained in the foreign papers thus obtained from the ship captains was leisurely prepared in the editor's sanctum and published next morning.

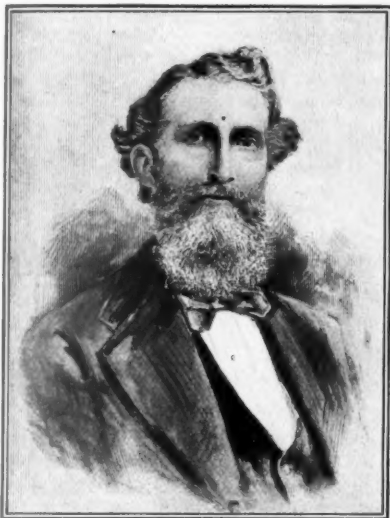
Hale's first distinctive

move was to substitute for the rowboat a fast schooner, which intercepted incoming ships many miles below New York Bay—sometimes indeed at Montauk Point, Long Island. On this schooner, which was bought by Hale, fitted up comfortably and called the "Journal of Commerce," the editor or reporter would carefully look through the newspapers and have his copy prepared long before the vessel would reach the city on its return trip.

Frequently this news would be published in the "Journal of Commerce"



HORACE GREELEY.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF A PAINTING IN THE POSSESSION OF THE LOTOS CLUB.



DAVID M. STONE, FORMER PRESIDENT NEW YORK ASSOCIATED PRESS.

before the managers of the other papers were even aware of the arrival from Europe. Sometimes, too, when there seemed danger that the "Courier and Inquirer" might also get the news in time for its regular edition, Hale would issue during the afternoon an "extra," containing the latest intelligence from abroad. This was the very simple and natural way in which the extra was started; and there is no doubt that Mr. Hale was its originator.

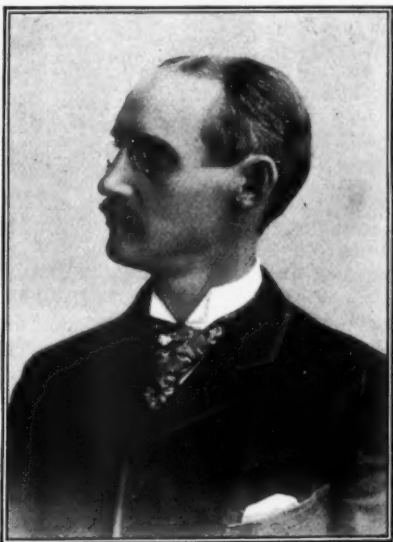
Hale's enterprise in these matters is connected with our subject because it proved to be the first of a series of feats by him and other newspaper proprietors, like Webb, of the "Courier," and Beach, of the "Sun," and finally, as will be seen, to the first attempted combination by several newspapers for news-gathering. This was to secure ship news, and was formed by the New York "Gazette," the "Courier and Inquirer" and the "Mercantile Advertiser." Special pony expresses followed between New York and important points like Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington.

Newspaper proprietors hoped that the telegraph would open up to them a new and fruitful field of operations, but their hopes were not immediately realized. The first telegraph lines constructed were

inadequate in almost every particular. They were too few and worked unsatisfactorily. The operators also were inefficient, as might have been expected in the early days of telegraphing, and something was always getting out of order.

It would make this article too long to dwell at length upon the early attempts in the way of combinations for the collection of news for the Western papers. I will merely state here that the telegraph companies were the pioneers in the news business for the territory lying west of Philadelphia. The managers of the lines shrewdly directed their operators to employ their leisure time in telegraphing news items to the Western papers, for which very little was paid. Mr. William Henry Smith has stated that Mr. Richard Smith "collected per week from the Cincinnati papers only eighteen dollars, and occasionally this meager assessment was not forthcoming."

But returning to what I was relating about the early difficulties experienced by newspaper proprietors in consequence of the poor telegraph facilities, let me add here that the rules established by the telegraph companies were absurdly crippling, not to say unjust; especially the "fifteen-minute rule," which pro-



MELVILLE E. STONE, GENERAL MANAGER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.

vided that no one newspaper could monopolize the wires for more than a quarter of an hour at a time. Its object was to give all newspapers some chance of using the wires, and had a semblance of fairness. But its effect was to cripple genuine enterprise, for no matter how quick, clever and long-headed certain correspondents might be, no matter how much their efforts to get ahead might have cost, the fifteen-minute rule spoiled all. The other more equitable rule of "first come, first served," was set aside to enable the duller and lazier correspondents to have what was called "a fair show." No room was left for the brilliant coups, which became frequent at a later period under fairer and improved telegraph facilities, when sharp-witted correspondents stopped at nothing to get ahead of each other.

A reference to this fifteen-minute rule is necessary, because it constituted one of the reasons which favored the idea of combination for news-gathering. There were many other reasons, of course, and especially the inutility of competition in some fields, which, it was seen, could be better left to one purveyor in the common interests of all.

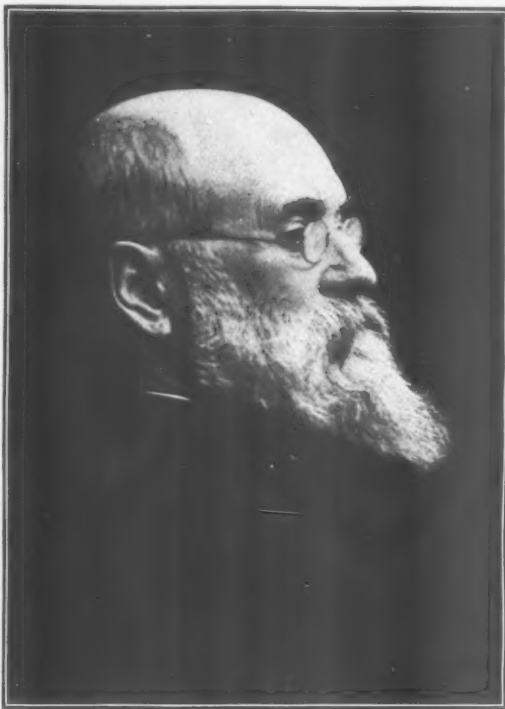
Let us try to explain this by one illustration: The President of the United States, we will suppose, is about to send a message to congress. There are ten daily papers in New York, we will say, and each has to pay full telegraph tolls.

The aggregate cost will be very great if the message consists of five or ten thousand words. But if an agreement has been made between these ten papers to share equally the cost, each will only have to pay one-tenth instead of the whole—an enormous saving. And this is precisely what is effected in all telegraph news by the combinations among newspapers known under different names. At the present moment the two leading associations of the country are called "The

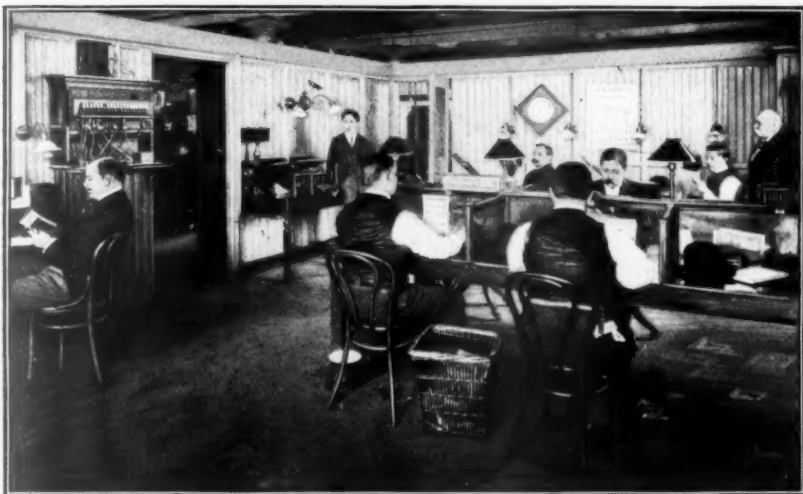
Associated Press" and "The United Associated Presses."

There are a legion of minor associations throughout the country, but they are mostly contributors to the other two in one way or another, like little streams emptying their waters into the great rivers flowing to the sea. The sea in this case is the great reading public, to which flows all the news through the various channels. And the reading public is insatiable—always craving for more.

When it is remembered that this instance of a presidential message represents but a tithe of the expenses of the day on which it may be sent, some idea of the saving effected by the institution of the Associated Press may be formed. On the same day there will be the congressional proceedings, the foreign news from every quarter of the globe, the general American news, small and great, from every nook and corner of our vast country, from Mexico, Central and South Amer-



CHARLES A. DANA, PRESIDENT UNITED ASSOCIATED PRESSES.



NEW YORK OPERATING-ROOM OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.

ica and the West Indies, besides unlimited matter by mail, which may be quite as expensive, for one reason or another, as if sent over the wires.

Walter P. Phillips, the manager of the United Associated Presses, gives the following statement as to the annual cost, under a few general heads :

Payments to news agencies, reporters and correspondents outside of regular office staffs.....	\$140,000
Salaries of regular employees on staffs in London, New York, Washington, Chicago, etc.	172,000
Rental of telegraph wires.....	175,000
Messages over cables	100,000
Messages over land wires.....	300,000
Total	\$887,000

or about \$2,500 per day.

The annual cost is quite large enough, and it would be ten or twenty times larger were it not for the alliances with the numerous state and city agencies also engaged in news-gathering. All the states and territories and many of the larger cities have their own local news-collecting organizations, operating in their restricted fields, and, as a rule, working in harmony with the great central associations, whose field is practically the whole world.

A very large portion of all this news gathered by so many purely news-selling associations would be obtained if these associations had never an existence; but the cost, it is evident, would then be enormous, and the number of thriving

newspapers would be greatly reduced. Whether such a reduction would be an advantage or not need not be discussed here, as the aim of this article is simply to describe the machinery of news-gathering, and its cost.

The first associated press was organized in 1847 at a meeting of representatives

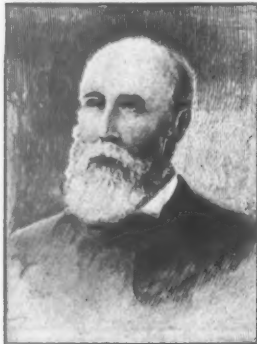


VICTOR F. LAWSON, PRESIDENT OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.

of the New York "Herald," New York "Tribune," New York "Sun," "Courier and Inquirer," "Journal of Commerce" and New York "Evening Express."

There is no record of this meeting in existence, and even the names of the representatives present are not known to a certainty; but there is extant one of the seven copies of the original agreement among the members, with the autographs of the elder James Gordon Bennett, Gerard Hallock, Henry J. Raymond, C. A. Dana for Horace Greeley, Moses Beach, James and Erastus Brooks and Gen. James Watson Webb. It is more than probable, however, that all the papers, except the "Herald," were represented by their proprietors—able, sagacious, far-seeing men

every one of them; for, like the framers of the American constitution, they laid their foundations deep and enduring. Nevertheless, I doubt if those six organizers really understood what a tremendous power they were creating by their federation for mutual benefit. Their special



WILLIAM HENRY SMITH.



J. W. SIMONTON, GENERAL AGENT NEW YORK ASSOCIATED PRESS.

object seems to have been to relieve themselves of the dead weight of useless competition, which might result in ruin if long persevered in. They never imagined their association would develop into

such a colossus. The news associations are, indeed, the backbone of modern journalism. Without them the newspapers

could exist, but they could never become really great, like the "Herald," the "Journal," the "World," the "Sun," the "Tribune," or "Times;" for these mammoth metropolitan organs, knowing that, by the service of the two central news associations, they are sure to be supplied with the essentials, are free to attempt their own private schemes of enterprise in a way that the common news-server dare not. Agents of associated presses, catering for all kinds of papers—differing in religion, politics and in other ways—must perforce confine themselves to plain facts, without bias or coloring. The "specials," as they are called, may

deal in predictions, in gossip, and picturesque descriptions, as well as in opinions. All imagination, exaggeration or embroidery must be eschewed by the associated press agents, who are instructed to give only unquestioned facts.

Mr. Charles Dudley Warner has well

said that to know exactly what is news and whether it will interest the public are not always an easy task. "The instinct for it," says Mr. Warner, "is a sort of sixth sense." As a rule, the agents selected by the as-



DAVID HALE.

sociated presses possess this sixth sense, but not all of them, especially the unsalaried agents, such as telegraph operators in remote and sparsely inhabited districts, from which much in the way of news is not to be expected. These extra contributors without regular pay have a direct interest in sending "something" always, and the "something" really amounts to nothing in nine cases out of ten; hence much of the material distributed from the great news reservoirs to the different papers is mere trash, dished up by irresponsible agents, who want to earn a little money by hook or by crook. This trash is generally "left out" by the editors, but it is none the less a great annoyance and hindrance to the overworked men who "make-up" the papers.

The pioneer associated press had its office on Broadway, corner of Liberty street. Its first president was Gerard Hallock, editor of the "Journal of Commerce," and partner of that energetic man David Hale, whose alliance with the elder Bennett resulted in the formation of this association. Its first general agent or manager was Alexander Jones, a man of considerable force of character, if a

little erratic, who later on became the commercial editor of the New York "Herald." His term of service was not very long, and his immediate successor was D. H. Craig, who remained in office for fifteen years. James W. Simonton succeeded Craig, and continued at the helm until removed by death. After him were James C. Huston, Erastus Brooks (as manager ad interim), assisted by George A. Leach, William Henry Smith, and, finally, the present general manager, Walter P. Phillips.

As an illustration of how the news agency business has expanded since 1847, I may state that for about a year after the formation of the New York Associated Press its weekly expenses did not exceed fifty dollars. This was exclusive of office rent—less than five hundred dollars per year—and salary of General Agent Jones, which was twenty dollars per week, then considered quite liberal pay; so that the actual cost of the news itself did not reach three thousand dollars per year. Now the daily cost very nearly equals that amount, and the daily cost of running the two great central news associations—the Associated Press and the United Associated Presses—about doubles



NEW YORK OPERATING-ROOM OF THE UNITED ASSOCIATED PRESS.



WALTER P. PHILLIPS, GENERAL MANAGER UNITED ASSOCIATED PRESSES.

the yearly expenses at the start. The exact figures are:

The Associated Press, yearly expenses....	\$1,260,000
The United Associated Presses, yearly expenses.....	887,000
Total.....	\$2,147,000

or about six thousand dollars per day.

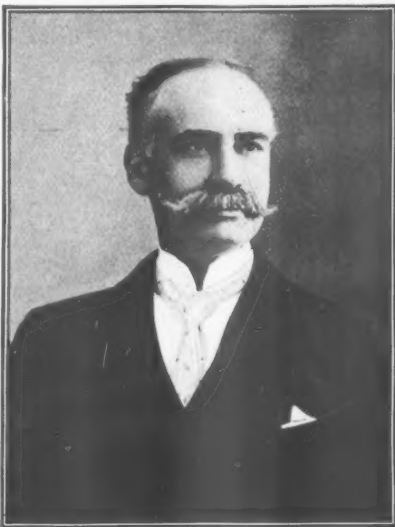
In order to get rid of all these statistics at once I will introduce here the statement of the Associated Press, made to me by Mr. Charles Diehl, the assistant general manager:

Salaries, annually.....	\$190,000
Sundries.....	50,000
Incoming News.....	120,000
Foreign News.....	120,000
Leased Wires.....	780,000
Total.....	\$1,260,000

The reader who enjoys his favorite paper so comfortably every morning—whether it costs him one cent, like the "Journal," or two cents, like the "Sun," or three cents, like the "Herald," perhaps has never thought what an expenditure of money, to say nothing of brain power and manual labor, has been necessary to afford him the luxury. And yet the figure I have stated—six thousand dollars per day—only takes into account the main cost of running the two leading news collecting associations of the world. It does not include the numerous minor associ-

ations concerned as contributors to the gigantic central associations, which are as monstrous octopi, reaching out their tentacles in every direction. Nor does it take into account the cost of the special management of the favorite journal itself, for wear and tear of plant, for paper, ink, illustrations, editors, correspondents, reporters, clerks, presses, composition, printing and the thousand and one other agencies concerned in the production of a newspaper before it reaches the hands of the reader. Were reliable information attainable on all these points, the actual cost would be found to be so vast as to seem almost incredible.

I have referred to the enormous mass of matter—good, bad and indifferent—collected and distributed by the associated press agencies, from which one important fact may be deduced, to wit—that these great providers of reading matter are really necessities. Without such combinations, by which one dispatch is distributed to hundreds of papers, I doubt if the telegraphic facilities—great as they are at present throughout the world—would be equal to the task of transmitting news separately to each paper. For many years the associated presses have been among the few very heavy customers of land lines and sea lines, and if they were



F. N. BASSETT, EASTERN MANAGER UNITED ASSOCIATED PRESSES.

suddenly wiped out, so that each paper would have to do its own telegraphing over sea and land, perhaps not one hundredth part of the dispatches could be sent over the wires. The result would be the ruin and death of a large number of newspapers, and a fearful increase in the expenses of running the survivors, with an equal increase of the correspondence by mail.

What the exact volume of press dispatches is to-day could not be ascertained without very great trouble, but there is a way of approximating. For instance, in 1866 the European telegraph companies transmitted, for dispatches of all sorts, two hundred and sixty million words.

could not have met its bills. Equally sure is it that the one telegraph company could not have managed such an immense volume of business.

And yet, what with the increase in the number of newspapers throughout the land during the thirty-one years from 1866 to 1897, the greater size of each paper and consequent enlarged capacity for reading matter, the building of new telegraph lines in every state and territory, the growth of the country itself in population and development, and many other operating causes—the volume of words sent over the wires for the press must have swollen enormously. I will not attempt the calculation, but it may be



WASHINGTON OPERATING-ROOM OF THE UNITED ASSOCIATED PRESSES.

The American newspapers alone, during the same year, paid one American telegraph company fifteen million dollars for three hundred million words! By far the larger part of this great total was sent, too, after the usual business hours, that is to say, at night, when the lines were less occupied with other than press matter! Now let us say that one hundred million more words were sent during the business hours, on press account. It is a low estimate, but for the sake of argument we will suppose it correct. The grand total, then, was four hundred million words. Manifestly, if each paper had to pay separately, on its own account, it

taken for granted the number of words now transmitted is seven or eight fold larger than in 1866.

The headquarters of both the great news agencies mentioned are in the Western Union Building, corner of Broadway and Dey street, New York; for, though nominally the central office of the Associated Press is in Chicago, the really important business and the largest share of the dispatches are handled here, New York being the natural center of news for this hemisphere.

Under the somewhat uneuphonious name of The United Associated Presses are included the old New York Associated



FINLEY ANDERSON, PACIFIC
COAST MANAGER UNITED
ASSOCIATED PRESSES.

long rivalry and struggle for ascendancy between the pioneer Associated Press and the United Press Association, which was organized in 1882 by such well-known journalists as Charles H. Taylor, of the Boston "Globe;" John P. Farrell, of the Albany "Times-Union;" Arthur Jenkins, of the Syracuse "Herald;" Wm. L. Brown, of the New York "Daily News;" James W. Scott, of the Chicago "Herald," and a number of others. Before the United Press there had been the American Press Association and the National Associated Press, in which were interested such men as Joseph Howard, Jr., Thomas Kinsella, James H. Goodsell, John Russell Young, J. H. Lambert, William B. Somerville, John Hasson, William Roche and F. X. Schoonmaker. But they were unable to struggle through* all the trials that beset them, and finally yielded the field to the New York Associated Press and the United Press. The latter had a hard road to travel, but held on until, as stated above, it practically absorbed all the other associations, taking the given name of the United Associated Presses, with Mr. Charles A. Dana as president, and Mr. Walter P. Phillips as general manager.

As an example of the far-reaching

Press—parent of the whole progeny—the old Western Associated Press, the New England Associated Press, the New York State Associated Press and the Southern Associated Press. These practically cover the whole American continent and the West Indies. This consolidation under one management was the result of a

methods of collecting news, the United Associated Presses have thirty correspondents of their own, located in the principal capitals of the Old World, besides affiliations with European news agencies. When occasion demands, extra men are sent to different points.

In this country the United Associated Presses have under their control three thousand five hundred miles of telegraph wires for their day service and seven thousand one hundred miles for their night service, worked in from fifteen to twenty circuits, by one hundred and twenty-five operators. This single branch of the association's business, it will be seen, is of enormous proportions, costing a great sum annually. The telegraphic facilities of the Associated Press are said to embrace leases of six thousand and

sixty-one miles of telegraph wires for its day service, and fourteen thousand four hundred and thirty-two miles for its night service, operated by two hundred and six men.

The Associated Press is a company organized on the mutual or coöperative plan by certain members of the old Western Associated Press, which practically went out of existence in 1893. Their territory is divided into four principal districts, to wit, the Eastern, under Frank Wellack, a very thorough and competent man, with headquarters in New

York; the Southern, under Charles A. Boynton, with headquarters in Washington; the Central, under Addison C. Thomas, with headquarters in Chicago; and the Western, under John P. Dunning, with headquarters in San Francisco. There



P. V. DE GRAW, SOUTHERN MAN-
AGER UNITED ASSOCIATED PRESSES.



H. A. WELLS, PHILADELPHIA MAN-
AGER UNITED ASSOCIATED
PRESSES.

are one hundred and forty-one members holding stock in the association and four hundred and seventy-two affiliated members, besides seventeen hundred newspapers served through minor agencies. Mr. Melville E. Stone is the general manager of this gigantic combination, with Mr. Charles Diehl as assistant manager. Mr. Victor F. Lawson, of the Chicago "Daily News," is president of the association, while Horace White, of the New York "Evening Post," and Hoke Smith, of the Atlanta "Journal," are vice-presidents. There is also a board of eleven directors, composed of Clayton McMichael, Frank B. Noyes, Frederick Driscoll, John Norris, M. H. de Young, Thos. G. Rapier, Charles W. Knapp, Albert J. Barr, Stephen O'Meara, L. Markbreit and the president.

Like the United Associated Presses, it has close relations with important news agencies in Europe; such as Reuter's, Hava's and Wolff, by which all the Old World is looked after. It has also a very important arrangement with the London "Times," which gives all its news to the London manager of the Associated Press and keeps its office closed absolutely against all other applicants until five o'clock every morning. The "Times" is still admittedly the best informed journal in Europe.

Mr. Walter P. Phillips is the absolute manager of the United Associated Presses, having as his chief assistants Fred N. Bassett, in the Eastern District; A. L.



CHARLES A. BOYNTON, SUPERINTENDENT SOUTHERN DIVISION OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.



A. L. SUESSMAN, MANAGER WESTERN DISTRICT UNITED ASSOCIATED PRESSES.

Suessman, in the Western District; P. V. de Graw, in the Southern District, and Finlay Anderson, in the Pacific Coast District.

There is a board of directors composed of Jas. Gordon Bennett, White-

law Reid, C. R. Miller, W. C. Reick, Geo. B. Glover, Clark Howell, George Bleistein, Jno. H. Holmes, L. Clarke Davis, Walter P. Phillips and President Dana. There is

a certain kind of news always sent directly to the principal office, and therefrom distributed east, west, north and south throughout the country; but most



JOHN P. DUNNING, SUPERINTENDENT WESTERN DIVISION OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.

of it is sent to the nearest distributing office having telegraph facilities, and thence sent on the various circuits to other distributing points and intermediate cities, after careful editing and manifolding.

What is manifolding? A very simple process by which several copies of a particular dispatch may be prepared at one writing by means of oiled tissue paper and carbon sheets. The manifolding is done by placing one sheet of this carbon paper between two of the oiled tissue paper

sheets and writing with what is called a stylus—a pen made of agate, onyx, cornealian, or other similar substance, the extremity of which must be so rounded or blunted as not to cut through the delicate tissues when pressed in the operation of writing. Two equally perfect impressions will be made by this stylus writing, and thirty distinct impressions can be taken simultaneously by placing the carbon sheets in right juxtaposition. For many years one man held a monopoly of this carbon and oiled tissue paper, for, though there were others engaged in the manufacture of the articles, his was of such a superior quality that it was very properly preferred. The best the competitors could do was to turn out a paper with which ten simultaneous copies could be made, while his permitted



FRANK W. MACE, SUPERINTENDENT EASTERN DIVISION OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.

thirty. That is still the maximum, but there are several firms now manufacturing the articles both in New York and Chicago.

The joint expenditures of the two associations for messages over cables and land lines amount to six hundred and forty thousand dollars annually, by no means so enormous as might have been expected. But it must be remembered that much of the matter over land and sea lines is in cipher or some sort of abbreviated form, which saves both time and money;



CHARLES S. DIEHL, ASSISTANT GENERAL MANAGER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.

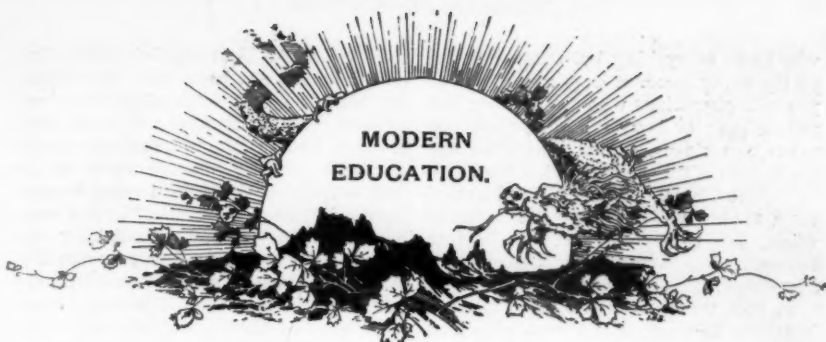
and time is of supreme importance in business. Then, too, it should be borne in mind that these great news agencies get special rates, much lower than those for the general public. A few specimens of the abbreviations may interest the reader. For instance, "aut" stands for "adjourned until to-morrow;" "ckx" for "committed suicide;" "pep" for "presented a petition;" "Scotus" for "the Supreme Court of the United States;" "smrng" for "this morning;" "svng" for "this evening;" "h" for "has;" "hv" for "have;" "cann" for "cannot;" "chh" for "church;" "n" for "not," and "ti" for "time." A few complete sentences will better illustrate this system of abbreviation, taking for the purpose an extract from Edgar Fawcett's "A Hopeless Case:"

"But Lafa Plc is smhw Lafa Plc stil. Its trnsfrmtn into chp logmnts is gradl tho su. T sieg gos stedly on Any person can read this fayette Place is somehow La-formation into cheap lodge-sure. The siege goes steadily yet succumbed." In spite and development of daily they have become difficult of a steady progress in many mean the leader writers—education and higher char-editorial views is more ele-said, that "of all horned a newspaper office is the that Horace Greeley was lege graduate has been able quirements of a great jour-acquisition and makes him-haps, of the editorial writers, porters on the daily and weekly press, are not only college bred but the most useful and versatile of the corps. Whereas formerly, only men half educated but possessed of good "horse sense" and a keen scent for news, were employed as special correspondents, now the ablest men of letters, novelists, poets, historians and specialists in the various branches of science and art are chosen as the ambassadors of the great dailies to every part of the world. And they do their work thoroughly, getting the news and giving it with the refined and delicate touches which only masters can impart. They are at once men of knowledge and men of the world, capable of holding their own with the ablest.



ADDISON C. THOMAS, SUPERINTENDENT CENTRAL DIVISION OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.

bt t bsegd ha n yt succnd." at a glance to be: "But La-fayette Place still. Its trans-forments is gradual though on, but the besieged have not of the tremendous growth newspapers to a point where management, there has been directions. The editors—I are abler men, of broader acter, and the tone of the vated. Horace Greeley once cattle, a college graduate in worst." But time has shown mistaken, or that the col-to adapt himself to the re-nal. He is now a welcome self felt. A majority, per-correspondents and even re-



DOES IT EDUCATE, IN THE BROADEST AND MOST LIBERAL SENSE OF THE TERM?

II.

BY PRESIDENT GILMAN, OF THE JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY.

ON the nineteenth of last November, under the auspices of the President of the French Republic, and in the presence of illustrious academicians and professors, the University of Paris was solemnly inaugurated. The old university, "mother of universities," the predecessor and exemplar of Oxford and Cambridge, disappeared in 1808, under the famous decree of the Emperor Napoleon. From that time until recently, all the institutions of advanced learning in the country have been grouped under one name—the University of France. Local pride has been suppressed; historic foundations like the famous Montpellier and many more have been deprived of their ancient dignities and titles; faculties of letters and of science, scarcely more than examining bodies, have taken the place of time-honored universities. But now great changes are in progress, and among them, the University of Paris is restored to its ancient prestige.

The addresses delivered on this important epoch in the educational history of France have just reached this country. They are worthy of this great occasion—brief they are, but full of enthusiasm and suggestion. An American turns to them with eagerness, to see the attitude that is taken, at the end of the nineteenth century, in one of the most ancient seats

of learning, by the most enlightened men of a most enlightened state.

The President of the University Council, Monsieur Gréard, the first speaker, after extolling the advantages of uniting in one body all the chairs of superior instruction, glories in the fact that the University of Paris is "practical." The "lecture," purely theoretical and mental, is now, he says, only a memory. No chair is without its laboratories. Even the faculty of letters has its ateliers. He reminds his hearers that, when the laboratories were introduced, thirty years ago, with their lofty flues, within the precincts of the Sorbonne, people called the school "des hautes études"—the school of high chimneys! To-day nobody is surprised that the entire establishment is one immense usine or factory, marvelous in its adaptation to the diversity of scientific work. Like the sciences of nature, the moral sciences have become great schools of truth. None of the interests of society is foreign to them.

Monsieur Rambaud, Minister of Public Instruction, declared that the concentration in the university of subjects most diverse, was intentionally designed to give to all students an opportunity to acquire that general knowledge which makes a truly cultivated man. The modern university does not propose to produce men

[The editor of THE COSMOPOLITAN hopes to make this series of papers, discussing the requirements of modern education, the most complete inquiry ever conducted into this important subject. Among those who have agreed to present their views are President Dwight, of Yale, President Schurman, of Cornell, Professor Henry Thurston Peck, of Columbia, President Morton, of the Stevens Institute, Bishop Potter, and many other distinguished men of both the United States and Europe. The aim is to consider existing methods in the light of the necessities of real life. Such a work has never, it is believed, been undertaken on a scale in any degree approaching that outlined for THE COSMOPOLITAN, and should be of widest interest to both parents and teachers.]

who know everything, but know it badly; on the other hand, it does not expect to produce physicians who are nothing but physicians; or lawyers, humanists, servants, capable of devotion to merely a single branch of knowledge. That would be to reduce liberal education to education for a trade; and that, too, at a moment when, for those who are destined to trades, France is beginning to organize a system of liberal education.

In both these discourses, as in that of Monsieur Lavis, which was addressed particularly to the students, the dominant thought is the unity of knowledge, the value of an ascertained truth, and the importance of scientific methods of inquiry. The practical uses of knowledge are repeatedly emphasized, and the desirable adaptation of universities to the needs of the region in which they are placed, receives attention. There is no dread apparent of the utilization of knowledge. On the other hand, the doctrine is emphatically put forth that specialization must be based on a liberal preparation for higher work, and that inquiry, research, investigation, are habits that should be developed by university education. In all this there is nothing new. It is only the re-statement, with French clearness, of doctrines familiar to Americans, at a significant moment, when magnificent and well equipped laboratories are provided, chiefly by the liberality of the City of Paris. However, the perusal of these speeches is not without suggestions as to the state of education in this country.

It is not far from forty years since Herbert Spencer contributed to English reviews four essays which were first collected in this country and published under the title "Education." This suggestive volume was widely read by the American teachers and parents of that time, and it still holds an important place in pedagogical literature. The first of these essays was an appreciation of science and a depreciation of literature, as elements in mental discipline. In a fresh perusal of this volume, after an interval of many years, the author's views on the value of scientific studies appear to me almost if not quite universally accepted by the teachers of this land. Everywhere provision is made for observation and experiment. Universities

have their schools in which investigation is encouraged; colleges have introduced the laboratory methods of instruction; technological institutes are established in large cities; and to a limited extent, provision is made in preparatory or fitting schools for lessons in some department of science. But all this has been brought about without diminishing the respect that is paid to literature and history. Mr. Spencer's views on this subject have not prevailed. Literary studies have not lost their hold because of the progress of scientific studies. The classics are taught by decidedly better methods; art and archæology have come to their support; history is no longer a deadening compendium of dates and names, employed to discipline the memory, but it investigates, in a life-giving way, the origin of social institutions and exhibits the experiences of the human race. Modern languages, once neglected if not despised as elements in a liberal education, are now in many places regarded as equal in value, and even as superior to the classics for a large proportion of students.

To any one who looks back over a period of forty years, the improvements that have been made are marvelous, and the beauty of it is that these changes have been accomplished without bitter controversies of long duration—by the natural processes of evolution. The oldest universities, quite as much as the newest, are in the line of progress, and they are quite as efficient likewise in the promotion of science.

Such progress would not have been possible were it not for the generous pecuniary support which has come from the national government, separate States (especially in the West), municipalities (especially for the endowment of libraries and museums), and above all from private individuals. Beginning with the gift of Abbott Lawrence, to Harvard University, there has been a constant succession of munificent endowments, and apparently the end is not yet.

All this is very encouraging to those who agree with the writer in thinking that American education is still far behind-hand. It makes them believe that during the next half century changes just as remarkable and just as beneficial will occur in the organization and administration of

schools of every grade. To any one who sits in the office of a college president, or in the editorial chair of an important periodical, or among the recent acquisitions of a public library, there appears a rapid and constant flow of pamphlets, essays, reports and books bearing upon education as if it were a subject new to the present generation. And so it is. To every parent, every teacher, every administrator, the questions of mental training are as fresh as the young minds that require training. No matter what Plato, Aristotle, Quintilian, Gerson, Ascham, Comenius, Leibnitz, Locke, Pestalozzi, Fröbel have given out as their experience or their edicts—we all want to discuss the question from our own point of view, with our traditions, preferences, prejudices, difficulties, possibilities and desires. We are willing to listen to those who have gone before us, and to secure, if we can, the prestige of their authority for our opinions; but what we really value is contemporary help, the solution of our problems in this reign of democracy, and in sight of the marvelous changes which science has brought to civilization.

Underlying all our deficiencies, there is the want of organization and correlation. It is not likely that American education will be satisfactory to the most thoughtful people, until it is far more systematic than it is at present—until the relations of all grades, from the kindergartens to the professional schools, are adjusted to one another by such a definite consensus as will be binding like the common law. We lose now a great deal of time at every transfer station. Every higher grade blames the lower for not affording better preparation. For example, not long ago when the teachers of a celebrated university set forth the pitiable English of the undergraduates and threw the blame on the fitting schools, they passed the complaint on to the grammar-schools; and they to the parents; so that it really seemed as if Dr. Holmes's witticism was true. To become a good scholar, be sure and have good grandparents.

Comparing American youth with those of foreign countries, the most competent judges are of the opinion that the Americans have lost two or three years of time in their educational careers. When we seek after remedies, there are two ways

of approaching the problem. One is from the institutional point of view, the other from that of the individual. Both processes are good—but sometimes more emphasis should be given to one than to the other. During recent years—almost of necessity—the Institution has been considered more than the Individual. Organization, administration, finance, architecture, equipment have been the dominant themes—and great have been the result of such discussions. Funds, buildings, and apparatus have accumulated; new regulations have superseded the old; far greater freedom is enjoyed both by the teacher and the scholar. It is really wonderful to survey the country from Bowdoin, in the far Northeast, with its gem of an art gallery, to Leland Stanford, on the Pacific coast, with its beautiful academic halls; from Minneapolis and Chicago and many other places in the upper Mississippi valley, to New Orleans and Austin, Tex., and observe that every strong institution is growing stronger and richer. There are probably one hundred seats of learning in this country today, better provided with the material aids to education than Harvard and Yale were fifty years ago. Observatories, laboratories, libraries, museums, halls of assembly, lecture rooms and lodging houses, have sprung up as if by the magician's touch. Nor are the buildings merely architectural monuments. They generally have an appropriate equipment—the instruments and appliances required for investigation and instruction in the natural and physical sciences, or the latest and best of literary and historical apparatus—books, journals, memoirs and the transactions of learned societies.

Another gain has been made, the recognition of an important distinction between the disciplinary period of liberal education, commonly known in this country as "the college," and the freer opportunities of more advanced culture which belong to "the university." A recent writer of great authority, in the new German cyclopædia of education, has stated that among nearly five hundred institutions in the United States that bear the name of college or university there are nine entitled to rank with those of Europe. Certainly no careful American would have made this claim in the last generation.

There is a third advance worth speaking of—and that is the increasing determination to improve professional training and especially to demand a good preliminary education in those who desire to proceed to higher work. This movement will lift the schools of law and medicine above the rank of trade schools.

Only one more gain will here be mentioned—an increasing tendency to separate business management from intellectual and educational work. The larger universities now represent great financial interests and responsibilities. The qualities which are favorable to the control of a treasury, such as skill in making and changing investments, care in accounts, a power to distinguish between false and true economies, and ability to acquire resources, are very different from those of a teacher or investigator. They may not be possessed by one who is a scholar of renown and distinction, or by a teacher whose character and example will exert a strong influence upon the youth before him; consequently, it is becoming more and more the way to choose as college presidents men who have a natural or acquired aptitude for affairs, who can look after the ways and means, and provide or protect the pecuniary resources. This tendency will doubtless gain in strength, and will result in giving more and more importance to the heads of departments, deans of special schools, or chairmen of boards and commissions, or vice-presidents, as they may be styled in different institutions. This is a questionable modification of the methods of the past, which are an obvious outgrowth of the college usages in Oxford and Cambridge—where the head of the college was head of financial as well as of educational affairs. It would not be difficult to name more than one truly eminent man, whose influence upon a generation of college students would have been powerfully beneficial, if his force had been concentrated upon the intra-mural duties of his station, but who has really been a teacher of the public by his extra-mural services, his constant and vigorous exposition of the principles of public education, or his diligent attention to public duties imposed upon him.

Now let us consider the subject of education from the point of view of the Indi-

viduals rather than from that of the Institutions.

The end of education is undoubtedly the development of character. The experience of the world has demonstrated that while there are magnificent and surprising exceptions to the rule, the average man is greatly helped by submission, during all his adolescence, to the precept, example, criticism and suggestion of those who have themselves been well trained. By such influences, character—physical, intellectual and moral—is most likely to be harmoniously developed. Hence it is that, while we miss from the catalogues of college graduates many names of extraordinary distinction—for example, three or more of the most resolute and brilliant of the men who have been presidents of the United States—we do find upon the roll a very large percentage of men who have led long, useful and influential careers in the service of church and state, or in the advancement of science and education.

Notwithstanding the long experience of the human race, it is surprising to see how many people despise the college-bred man, how few college graduates are to be found in the halls of legislation, and how many of those who look forward to the profession of law or medicine, avoid the preparatory discipline of a college. Something must be wrong when this state of things exists. To the writer, it appears that a college education would be much more highly valued, and would be much more advantageous to the world as well as to him who has received it, if a far greater amount of personal supervision attended its progress.

As an illustration of the existing conditions, let me picture an imaginary case, but one which, I venture to say, has very many counterparts in real life:

A boy, of good parentage and environment, expects, as a matter of course, to pursue an intellectual life. He is not conscious of strong inclinations toward any particular calling, or of marked aptitude for a special pursuit. But other boys go to college; his relatives expect him to follow. His course of study leads him on in this direction. He goes with the crowd. In college he is either submitted to the rule of the curriculum, or he is left free to choose his path through-

the thicket of "ologies." His parents hesitate to advise him—"colleges have changed so much in recent days." His teachers (most of whom are little older than himself, and have had no experience of the world but that of their own brief academic life) have no confidence in their own judgment or do not think it any part of their business to direct his course. Are they not the advocates of "electives?" So the young man floats on, avoiding difficulties, as a rule, instead of mastering them, and attending to appointed duties in a properly perfunctory way, but not enjoying his intellectual opportunities half as much as he does his companionship with his comrades. At length he wakes up, to find that he is almost, if not quite, "of age" and about to hear "the valedictory" which closes for him his college course. Then he is aroused and perhaps half-frightened. He decides, without much reason for his choice, to follow this or that career, and so he launches into life. Often he discovers, when it is too late to seek a remedy, that he has made a mistake, and it is quite possible that he will remain for life the half-hearted and ill-rewarded follower of a career which he ought to have shunned, for he might have been happy and successful in another.

Is there no remedy for this condition of affairs? None that will always work well. Educational defects can be met by no catholicon. But there are certain alleviations which might be employed, and it is safe to predict that in the next half century, perhaps within the next few years, they will find favor.

Emerson has pointed out the way, in his essay on Education. "Individuality," reads the sign-post; persons by themselves, not persons enrolled in classes. Our actual mode of procedure, he truly says, aims "to do for masses what cannot be done for masses, what must be done reverently one by one." In large schools there is "always the temptation to omit the endless task of meeting the wants of each single mind and to govern by steam." Our difficulties and perplexities "solve themselves when we leave institutions and address individuals." This and much more that is worth remembering may be found in that helpful essay.

It would be well if, in every institution,

there should be one or more persons specifically appointed to be the counsellors or advisers of students. Of course they must be men of liberal culture, but they should be more than that. They must be men who have gifts for reading character, as the artist has for perceiving colors, the physician for detecting diseases, the sportsman or the naturalist for noticing the movements of nature. They must be chosen because they have such gifts, and they must be kept so free from appointed lectures and recitations that they will always appear to the students to be "at leisure." Such men can be found. Many might be named who have thus been distinguished. More are wanted—broad-shouldered men, of good digestion, lovers of exercise in the open air, capable of enlisting confidences and of keeping them—but, above all, men of high moral and social character. It may not be possible to find in one man all the knowledge requisite for advising several hundred students, any more than it is possible for one physician to take care of all the patients of a hospital. In a staff, or committee, or advisory council, it would certainly be possible to combine an amount of medical, psychological, spiritual and pedagogical experience which, if not ideal or complete, would be far in advance of what any college now offers. Our faculties are filling up with "specialists"—but certainly they can be reinforced by "generals." The specialist sometimes, not always—as testify Agassiz, Dana, Gray, Child, Whitney—regards his professional work as "done" when his day has been carefully devoted to his lecture or his laboratory. Such men must be associated with men of another type, whose highest delight, whose noblest duty, is to inspire, guide, control, encourage and counsel those who come under their notice.

One of the first things that a college student should be taught is the significance of his body—not merely its structure and its functions, but the art of making the most of it, and the sin of abusing it. He should be taught the delicate structure of his brain and nervous system, so that his reason, and not merely the authority of his parents and teachers, shall always lead him to temperance and self-control. He should be taught to look forward to the state of marriage. He

should know what habits of sleep, exercise, diet, concentration, leisure, are most likely to promote his vigor. His errors should be pointed out. He should learn to overcome, so far as this is possible, a tendency to slight ailments. He should know the effects of stimulants. The principles of sanitation should be an important part of his acquirements, that he may avoid the harmful in air, food, or water, and may also know how to recuperate his strength if at any time it is impaired.

It is not unusual in these days to decry the attention given to athletic sports. No doubt there are attendant evils connected with the current practice, but there is also an immense amount of good. The chief objection is that emulation and rivalry bestow upon a favored few an amount of care and discipline which ought to be extended to large numbers. The deficient as well as the robust ought to submit themselves to physical culture. Let anyone inquire into the results which have been produced by bodily discipline among the feeble frames and feeble minds of a school like that at Fort Wayne, Ind., and he would not question what would happen if a like amount of care were devoted to those whom we call the intellectual and well-to-do undergraduates in college.

The advantages of physical culture were pointed out long ago by Aristotle and Plato. But in this country, outside of the military and naval academies on the one hand, and on the other, of the Elmira Reformatory, Fort Wayne school and a few other institutions for the deficient and degenerate, the wonderful results of physical culture seem to be almost as unknown (except in the discipline of athletes) as the X-rays were a few months ago.

The mental characteristics of every scholar should also be studied—not necessarily for his own information, lest this should lead to a morbid introspection, or, at least, to an exaggerated and undesirable self-consciousness. I would have the adviser of every young man observe his idiosyncrasies, and treat them as they require. Be it always remembered that every individual differs from every other individual as face differs from face. The discipline which one requires is a hindrance to another. The course

of study, or the lecture, which is adapted to the average, is far below what the brighter scholar requires. Small classes, graded by proficiency and ability, are greatly to be preferred to large classes. Elbow instruction—close personal oversight of the student in the library or lecture room—must be more common than it is; for thus and thus only can that intimate acquaintance be secured which enables the teacher to give the best help. It is often the case that a scholar who turns away with disgust or abhorrence from one class of studies, or who is apparently unable to master the abstractions of the higher mathematics or the complexities of Greek syntax, will delight in other studies when he has a chance to take them up. Many a student who appears to be negligent or dull as an undergraduate, shows enthusiasm, energy and intellectual power as soon as he enters upon a professional course, the value of which is apparent.

In the French addresses just referred to, Monsieur Rambaud congratulates his hearers that "auditoriums" are no longer demanded but "seminaries." In the substitution of one word for another, the history of recent advances is recorded. So Monsieur Lavissee. He says to the students: "The method of instruction has changed. Your masters are not, so much as they were, orators *ex-cathedra*. We have left our chairs, or if we remain there we speak in lower tones. We affirm less. We demonstrate; we show; we say to our scholars, hear, see, judge."

The great difficulty is the adjustment of the claims of important subjects to their place in the educational program. Modern languages and modern science must have their adequate recognition. No education can be called liberal in our day that does not give them ample space. But the Individual must choose among the conflicting claims of the old and the new. There is no possible mixture to be compounded by the most skillful educational pharmacist, which will suit every case. Heredity, opportunity, environment, desires, must have their full play. Teachers must study the science of comparative biography and discover how often those who have rebelled against one course of study have delighted in another.

How will it answer to place before a youth, whose plans are not yet formed, or who rebels against some particular line of work, a schedule of the principal pursuits in which men of liberal education may expect to find their livelihood? I submit a list which is doubtless far from complete, and which is certainly not written in "hard and fast" lines, but which may be suggestive. No institution offers courses for all these vocations. Why should it not? For many of them, after the preliminary training of a college, the

only instruction is the stern discipline of life.

Let me call this table a list of the "Ports of Entry," to which a liberally educated man may steer his bark. They are in five groups—based on predisposition toward the love of books, nature, art, business and politics. Unfortunately, for the moment, the harbor of politics is not so widely open to qualified aspirants as are the other ports. But this will be changed in the next century, or democracy will hear its doom.

A PARTIAL LIST OF THE PORTS OF ENTRY FOR WHICH A MAN OF LIBERAL EDUCATION MAY SET SAIL.

1—LITERARY.	{	Scholars.	Writers.
		Teachers.	Librarians.
	{	Preachers.	School Superintendents.
		Lawyers.	Supervisors of Charities.
	{	Editors.	
	{	Mathematicians.	{ Teachers.
			{ Engineers.
	{		{ Architects.
			{ Astronomers.
	{	Physicists.	{ Teachers.
			{ Mechanics.
	{		{ Electricians.
2—SCIENTIFIC.	{	Chemists.	{ Teachers.
			{ Manufacturers.
	{		{ Metallurgists.
	{	Naturalists.	{ Botanists.
			{ Zoölogists.
	{		
	{	Biologists.	{ Physiologists.
			{ Anatomists.
	{		{ Pathologists.
			{ Physicians.
	{		{ Surgeons.
	{	Painters.	
		Sculptors.	
	{	Architects.	
		Decorators.	
	{	Illustrators.	
		Etchers and Engravers.	
	{	Musicians.	
	{	Merchants.	Railroad Men.
		Manufacturers.	Accountants.
4—MERCANTILE.	{	Bankers.	Publishers.
	{	Statesmen.	National Officers.
		Diplomatists.	State Officers.
5—POLITICAL.	{	Consuls.	Municipal Officers.



THE TURKISH MESSIAH.

BY I. ZANGWILL.

SCROLL THE FIRST.

IN the year of the world five thousand four hundred and eight, sixteen hundred and forty-eight years after the coming of Christ, and in the twenty-third year of his own life on earth, Sabbatai Zevi, men said, declared himself—at Smyrna, to his disciples—the long-expected Messiah of the Jews. They were gathered together in the winter midnight, a little group of turbaned, long-robed figures, the keen stars innumerable overhead, the sea stretching somberly at their feet, and the swarming Oriental city, a black mystery of roofs and minarets, dominated by the Acropolis, asleep on the slopes of its snow-clad hill.

Anxiously they had awaited their Prophet's emergence from his penitential lustration in the icy harbor, and as he now stood before them in naked majesty, the water dripping from his black

beard and hair, a perfect manly figure, scarred only by self-inflicted scourgings, awe and wonder held them breathless with expectation. Inhaling that strange fragrance of divinity that breathed from his body, and penetrated by the kingliness of his mien, the passionate yet spiritual beauty of his dark, dreamy face, they awaited the great declaration. Some common instinct told them that he would speak to-night, he, the master of mystic silences.

The Zohar—that inspired book of occult wisdom—had long since foretold this year as the first of the epoch of regeneration, and ever since the shrill ram's horn had heralded its birth, the souls of Sabbatai Zevi's disciples had been tense for the great moment. Surely it was to announce himself at last that he had summoned them, blessed partakers in the

greatest moment of human and divine history.

What would he say?

Austere, silent, hedged by an inviolable sanctity, he stood long motionless, realizing, his followers felt, the Cabalistic teaching as to the Messiah, incarnating the Godhead through the primal Adam, pure, sinless, at one with himself and elemental Nature. At last he raised his luminous eyes heavenward, and said in clear, calm tones one word:

JAHWEH!

He had uttered the dread, forbidden Name. For an instant the turbaned figures stood rigid with awe, their blood cold with an ineffable terror, then as they became conscious again of the stars glittering on, the sea plashing unruffled, the earth still solid under their feet, a great hoarse shout of holy joy flew up to the shining stars. "*Messhiach! Messhiach! The Messiah!*"

The Kingdom was come.

The Messianic Era had begun.

How long, O Lord, how long?

That desolate cry of the centuries would be heard no more.

While Israel was dispersed and the world full of sin, the higher and lower worlds had been parted, and the four letters of God's name had been dissevered, not to be pronounced in unison. For God Himself had been made imperfect by the impeding of His moral purpose.

But the Messiah had pronounced the Tetragrammaton, and God and the Creation were One again. O mystic transport! O ecstatic reunion! The joyous shouts died into a more beatific silence.

From some near mosque there broke upon the midnight air the solemn voice of the *muëddin* chanting the *adân*:

"God is most great. I testify that there is no God but God. I testify that Mohammed is God's Prophet."

Sabbatāi shivered. Was it the cold air or some indefinable foreboding?

II.

It was the day of Messianic dreams. In the century that was over, strange figures had appeared of prophets and martyrs and Hebrew visionaries. From obscurity and the far East came David

Reubeni, journeying to Italy by way of Nubia to obtain firearms to rid Palestine of the Moslem—a dark-faced dwarf, made a skeleton by fasts, riding on his white horse up to the Vatican to demand an interview, and graciously received by Pope Clement. In Portugal, where David Reubeni, heralded by a silken standard worked with the Ten Commandments, had been received by the King with an answering pageantry of banners and processions—a Marrano maiden had visions of Moses and the angels, undertook to lead her suffering kinsfolk to the Holy Land, and was burnt by the Inquisition. Diego Pires—handsome and brilliant and young, and a Christian by birth—returned to the faith of his fathers, and, under the name of Solomon Molcho, passed his brief life in quest of prophetic ecstasies and the pangs of martyrdom. He sought to convert the Pope to Judaism, and predicting a great flood at Rome, which came to pass, with destructive earthquakes at Lisbon, was honored by the Vatican, only to meet a joyful death at Mantua, where, by order of the Emperor, he was thrown upon the blazing funeral pyre. And in these restless and terrible times for the Jews, inward dreams mingled with these outward portents. The Zohar—the Book of Illumination, composed in the thirteenth century—printed now for the first time, shed its dazzling rays further and further over every Ghetto.

The secrets reserved for the days of the Messiah had been revealed in it: Elijah, all the celestial conclave, angels, spirits, higher souls, and the Ten Spiritual Substances had united to inspire its composers, teach them the bi-sexual nature of the World-Principle, and discover to them the true significance of the Torah, hitherto hidden in the points and strokes of the Pentateuch, in its vowels and accents, and even in the potential transmutations of the letters of its words. Lurya, the great German Egyptian Cabalist, with Vital, the Italian alchemist, sojourned to the grave of Simon bar Vochai, its fabled author. Lurya himself, who preferred the silence and loneliness of the Nile country to the noise of the Talmud-School, who dressed in white on Sabbath, and wore a fourfold garment to signify the four letters of the Ineffable Name, and

who, by permutating them, could draw down spirits from Heaven, passed as the Messiah of the Race of Joseph, precursor of the true Messiah of the Race of David. The times were ripe. "The kingdom of heaven is at hand," cried the Cabalists, with one voice. The Jews had suffered so much and so long. Decimated for not dying of the Black Death, pillaged and murdered by the Crusaders, hounded remorselessly from Spain and Portugal, roasted by thousands at the autos-da-fé of the Inquisition, everywhere branded and degraded, what wonder if they felt that their cup was full, that redemption was at hand, that the Lord would save Israel and set His people in triumph over the heathen! "I believe with a perfect faith that the Messiah will come, and though His coming be delayed, nevertheless will I daily expect Him."

So ran their daily creed.

In Turkey what time the Jews bore themselves proudly, rivaling the Venetians in the shipping trade, and the grand viziers in the beauty of their houses, gardens and kiosks; when Joseph was Duke of Naxos, and Solomon Ashkenazi envoy extraordinary to Venice; when Tiberias was turned into a new Jerusalem and planted with mulberry trees; when prosperous physicians wrote elegant Latin verses—in those days the hope of the Messiah was faint and dim. But it flamed up fiercely enough when their strength and prestige died down with that of the Empire, and the harem and the Janissaries divided power with the Prætorians of the Spahis, and the Jews were the first objects of oppression ready to the hand of the unloosed pachas, and the black turban marked them off from the Moslem. It was a rabbi of the Ottoman Empire who wrote the religious code of "The Ordered Table," to unify Israel and hasten the coming of the Messiah, and whose dicta were accepted far and wide.

And not only did Israel dream of the near Messiah, the rumor of him was abroad among the nations. Men looked again to the mysterious Orient, the cradle of the Divine. In the far isle of England sober Puritans were awaiting the Millennium and the Fifth Monarchy of the Apocalypse—the four "beasts" of the Babylonian, Persian, Greek and

Roman monarchies having already passed away—and when Manasseh ben Israel of Amsterdam petitioned Cromwell to readmit the Jews, his plea was that thereby they might be dispersed through all nations, and the Biblical prophecies as to the eve of the Messianic age be thus fulfilled. Verily, the times were ripe for the birth of a Messiah.

III.

He had been strange and solitary from childhood, this saintly son of the Smyrniote commission agent. He had no playmates, none of the habits of the child. He would wander about the crooked, bustling alleys of the packed city, or through the great covered bazaars, seeming to heed the fantastically colored spectacle as little as the filth and refuse under foot, or the trains of gigantic camels, at the sound of whose approaching bells he would mechanically flatten himself against the wall. And yet he must have been seeing, for if he chanced upon anything that suffered—a child, a lean dog, a cripple, a leper—his eyes filled with tears. At times he would gaze seawards long and yearningly, and sometimes he would lie for hours upon the sudden plain that stretched lonely behind the dense seaport.

In the little congested schoolroom where hundreds of children clamored Hebrew at once, he was equally alone, and when, a brilliant youth, he headed the lecture-class of the illustrious Talmudist, Joseph Eskapha, his mental attitude preserved the same aloofness. Quicker than his fellows, he grasped the casuistical hair-splittings in which the rabbis too often indulged, but his contempt was as quick as his comprehension. A note of revolt pierced early through his class-room replies, and very soon he threw over these barren subtleties to sink himself—at a tenderer age than tradition knew of—in the spiritual mysticisms, the poetic fervor and the self-martyrdoms of the Cabalistic literature. The transmigration of souls, mystic marriages, the summoning of spirits, the creation of the world by means of attributes, or how the Godhead had concentrated itself in order to unfold the finite Many from the infinite One; such were

the favorite studies of the brooding youth of fifteen.

"Learning shall be my life," he said to his father.

"Thy life! But what shall be thy livelihood?" replied Mordecai Zevi. "Thy elder brothers are both at work."

"So much more need that one of thy family should consecrate himself to God, to call down a blessing on the work of the others."

Mordecai Zevi shook his head. In his olden days, in the Morea, he had known the bitterness of poverty. But he was beginning to prosper now, like so many of his kinsmen, since Sultan Ibrahim had waged war against the Venetians, and, by imperilling the trade of the Levant, had driven the Dutch and English merchants to transfer their ledgers from Constantinople to Smyrna. The English house of which Mordecai had obtained the agency was waxing rich, and he in its wake, and so he could afford to have a scholar-son. He made no further demur, and even allowed his house to become the seat of learning in which Sabbatai and nine chosen companions studied the Zohar and the Cabalah from dawn to darkness, and the richer he grew, the greater grew his veneration for his son, to whose merits, and not to his own diligence and honesty, he ascribed his good fortune.

"If the sins of the fathers are visited on the children," he was wont to say, "then surely the good deeds of the children are repaid to the fathers." His marked reverence for his wonderful son spread outwards, and Sabbatai became the object of a wistful worship, of a wild surmise.

Something of that wild surmise seemed to the father to flash into his son's own eyes one day when, returned from a great journey to his English principals, Mordecai Zevi spoke of the Fifth Monarchy men who foretold the coming of the Messiah and the Restoration of the Jews in the year 1666.

"Father," said the boy, "will not the Messiah be born on the ninth of Ab?"

"Of a surety," replied Mordecai, with beating heart. "He will be born on the fatal date of the destruction of both our temples, in token of consolation, as it is written; and I will cause the captivity

of Judah and the captivity of Israel to return, and will build them, as at the first."

The boy relapsed into his wonted silence. But one thought possessed father and son. Sabbatai had been born on the ninth of Ab—on the great Black Fast.

The wonder grew when the boy was divorced from his wife—the beautiful Channah. Obediently marrying—after the custom of the day—the maiden provided by his father, the young ascetic passionately denied himself to the passion ripened precociously by the Eastern sun, and the marveling Beth-Din released the virgin from her nominal husband. Prayer and self-mortification were the pleasures of his youth. The enchanting Jewesses of Smyrna, picturesque in baggy trousers and open-necked vests, had no seduction for him, though no muslin veil hid their piquant countenances as with the Turkish women, though no proscription silenced their sweet voices in the psalmody of the table, as among the sin-fearing congregations of the West. But Mordecai, anxious that he should fulfil the law, according to which to be celibate is to live in sin, found him a second mate, even more beautiful, but the youth remained silently callous, and was soon restored afresh to his solitary state.

"Now shall the Torah be my only bride," he said.

Blind to the beauty of womanhood, the young, handsome, and now rich Sabbatai went his lonely, parsimonious way, and a wondering band followed him, scarcely disturbing his loneliness by their reverential companionship. When he entered the sea, morning and night, summer and winter, all stood far off; by day he would pray at the fountain which the Christians called Sancta Veneranda, near to the cemetery of the Jews, and he would stretch himself at night across the graves of the righteous in a silent agony of appeal, while the jackals barked in the lonely darkness and the wind souged in the mountain gorges.

But at times he would speak to his followers of the Divine mysteries and of the rigorous asceticism by which alone they were to be reached and men to be regenerated and the Kingdom to be won; and sometimes he would sing to them Spanish songs in his sweet, troubling voice—

strange Cabalistic verses, composed by himself or Lurya, and set to sad, haunting melodies yearning with mystic passion. And in these songs the womanhood he had rejected came back in amorous strains that recalled the Song of Songs, which is Solomon's, and seemed to his disciples to veil as deep an allegory :—

There the Emperor's daughter
Lay a gleam in the water,

Melisselda.

And its breast to her breast
Lay in tremulous rest,

Melisselda.

From her bath she arose
Pure and white as the snows,

Melisselda.

Coral only at lips
And at sweet finger tips,

Melisselda.

In the pride of her race
As a sword shone her face,

Melisselda.

And her lids were steel bows,
But her mouth was a rose,

Melisselda.

And in the eyes of the tranced listeners were tears of worship for Melisselda as for the Messiah's mystic bride.

IV.

And while the silent Sabbatai said no word of Messiah or mission, no word save the one word on the seashore, his disciples, first secret, then bold, spread throughout Smyrna the news of the Messiah's advent.

• They were not all young, these first followers of Sabbatai. No one proclaimed him more ardently than the grave, elderly man of science, Moses Pinhero. But the skeptics far outnumbered the believers. Sabbatai was scouted as a madman. The Jewry was torn by dissensions and disturbances. But Sabbatai took no part in them. He had no communion with the bulk of his brethren, save in religious ceremonies. At the circumcision of the first-born son of Abraham Gutiere, his kinsman, he asked the *Mohel* to stay his hand awhile. Half an hour passed.

"Why are we waiting?" the guests ventured to ask him at last.

"Elijah the Prophet has not yet taken his seat," he said.

Presently he made a sign that the proceedings might be resumed. They stared

in reverential awe at the untenanted chair, where only the inspired vision of Sabbatai could perceive the celestial form of the ancient prophet.

But the ancient Talmudical college frowned upon the new prophet, particularly when his disciples bruited abroad his declaration on the seashore. He was cited before the "Chachamin" (rabbis).

"Thou didst dare pronounce the Ineffable Name?" cried Joseph Eskapha, his old master. "What! Shall thy unconsecrated lips pollute the sacred letters that even in the time of Israel's glory, only the High Priest might breathe in the Holy of Holies on the Day of Atonement?"

"Tis a divine mystery known to me alone," said Sabbatai.

But the rabbis shook their heads and laid the ban upon him and his disciples. A strange radiance came into Sabbatai's face. He betook himself to the fountain and prayed.

"I thank Thee, O my Father," he said, "inasmuch as Thou hast revealed myself to myself. Now I know that my own penances have not been in vain."

But the excommunication of the Sabbatians did not quiet the commotion in the Jewish quarter of Smyrna, fed by Millennial dreams from the West. In England, indeed, a sect of Old Testament Christians had arisen, working for the adoption of the Mosaic Code as the law of the State.

From land to land of Christendom, on the feverish lips of eager believers, passed the rumor of the imminence of the Messiah of the Jews. According to some he would appear before the Grand Seignior in June, 1666, take from him his crown by force of music only, and lead him in chains like a captive. Then for nine months he would disappear, the Jews meanwhile enduring martyrdom, but he would return, mounted on a celestial lion, with his bridle made of seven-headed serpents, leading back the lost ten tribes from beyond the river Sambatyon, and he should be acknowledged for Solomon, King of the Universe, and the Holy Temple should descend from Heaven already built, that the Jews might offer sacrifice therein forever. But these hopes found no lodgment in the breasts of the Jewish governors of the Smyrniote quarter, where hard-headed Sephardim were

busy in toil and traffic, working with their hands, or shipping freights of figs or valonea; as for the "Schmorrers," the beggars who lived by other people's wits, they were even more hard-headed than the workers. Hence constant excitements and wordy wars, till at last the authorities banished the already outlawed Sabbatai from Smyrna. When he heard the decree he said, "Is Israel not in exile?" He took farewell of his brothers and of his father, now grown decrepit in his body and full of the gout and other infirmities.

"Thou hast brought me wealth," said old Mordecai, sobbing; "but now I had rather lose my wealth than thee. Lo, I am on the brink of the grave, and my saintly son will not close mine eyes, nor know when to say 'Kaddish' over my departed soul."

"Nay, weep not, my father," said Sabbatai. "The souls depart—but they will return."

V.

He wandered through the Orient, everywhere gaining followers, everywhere discredited. Constantinople saw him and Athens, Thessalonica and Cairo.

For the Jew alone travel was easy in those days. The scatterings of his race were everywhere. The bond of blood secured welcome. Hebrew provided a common tongue. The scholar-guest, in especial, was hailed in flowery Hebrew as a crown sent to decorate the head of his host. Sumptuously entertained, he was laded with gifts on his departure, the caravan he was to join found for him, the cost defrayed, and even his ransom, should he unhappily be taken captive by robbers.

At the Ottoman capital the exile had a mingled reception. In the great Jewish quarter of Haskeui, with its swarming population of small traders, he found many adherents and many adversaries. Constantinople was a nest of free lances and adventurers. Abraham Yachiny, the illustrious preacher, an early believer, was inspired to have a tomb opened in the ancient "house of life." He asked the skeptical rabbis to dig up the earth. They found it exceedingly hard to the spade, but persevering, presently came upon an earthen pot and therein a parchment which ran thus:—"I, Abraham, was

shut up for forty years in a cave; I wondered that the time of miracles did not arrive. Then a voice replied to me:—'A son shall be born in the year of the world 5386 and be called Sabbatai. He shall quell the great dragon; he is the true Messiah, and shall wage war without weapons.'"

Verily without weapons did Sabbatai wage war, almost without words. Not even the ancient Parchment convinced the scoffers, but Sabbatai took note of it as little as they. To none did he proclaim himself. His tall, majestic figure, with its sweeping black beard, was discerned in the dusk passionately pleading at the graves of the pious. When he was not fasting, none but the plainest food passed his lips. He flagellated himself daily. Little children took to him, and he showered sweetmeats upon them, winning smiles of love. When he walked the streets, slow and brooding, jostled by porters, asses, dervishes, sheiks, scribes, fruit peddlers, shrouded females and beggars, something more than the somberness of his robes marked him out from the medley of rainbow-colored pedestrians. Turkish beauties peered through their face-veils, cross-legged craftsmen smoking their narghiles raised their heads as he passed through the arched aisles of the great bazaar. Once he wandered into the slave market, where fair Circassians and Georgians were being stripped, and grew hot-eyed for the corrupt chaos of life in the capital, with its gorgeous pashas and loathly cripples, its countless mosques and brothels, its cruel cadis and foolish dancing dervishes. And when an angry Mussulman, belaboring his ass, called it "Jew!" his heart burnt with righteous anger. Verily, only Israel had chosen Righteousness—one little nation, the remnant that would save the world and bring about the Kingdom of God. But alas! Israel herself was yet full of sin, hard and unbelieving.

"Woe! Woe!" he cried aloud to his brethren as he entered the Jewish quarter. "Your sins shall be visited upon you. For know that when God created the world, it was not from necessity but from pure love and to be recognized by men as their Creator and Master. But ye return Him not love for love. Woe! Woe! There shall come a fire upon Constanti-

nople and a great burning upon your habitations and substance."

Then his breast swelled with sobs; in a strange ecstasy his spirit seemed to soar from his body and hover lovingly over all the motley multitude. All that night his followers heard him praying aloud with passionate tears, and singing the Psalms of David in his sweet melancholy voice, as he strode irregularly up and down the room.

VI.

At Constantinople a messenger brought him a letter of homage from Damascus from his foremost disciple, Nathan of Gaza.

Nathan was a youthful enthusiast, son of a Jerusalem begging agent, and newly married to the beautiful but one-eyed daughter of a rich Portuguese who had migrated from Damascus to Gaza. Opu-
lent and zealous, he devoted himself henceforth to preaching the Messiah, living and dying his apostle and prophet—no other, in short, than the Elijah who was to be the Messiah's harbinger. Nor did he fail to work miracles in proof of his mission. Merely on reading a man's name, he would recount his life, defaults and sins, and impose just correction and penance. Evil-doers shunned his eye. More readily than on Sabbatai men believed on him, inasmuch as he claimed but the second place, and an impostor, said they, would have claimed the first. Couched in the tropes and metaphors of rabbinical Hebrew, Nathan's letter ran thus:

"22ND CHESVAN OF THIS YEAR.

"To the King, our King, Lord of our Lords, who gathers the Dispersed of Israel, who redeems our Captivity, the Man elevated to the Height of all sublimity, the Messiah of the God of Jacob, the true Messiah, the Celestial Lion, Sabbatai Zevi, whose honor be exalted and his dominion raised in a short time, and for ever. Amen. After having kissed thy hands and swept the dust from thy feet, as my duty is to the King of Kings, whose Majesty be exalted and His Empire enlarged. These are to make known to the Supreme Excellency of that Place, which is adorned with the beauty of thy

Sanctity, that the Word of the King and of His Law hath enlightened our Faces; that day hath been a solemn day unto Israel and a day of light unto our Rulers, for immediately we applied ourselves to perform thy Commands as our duty is. And though we have heard of many strange things, yet we are courageous, and our heart is as the heart of a Lion; nor ought we to inquire or reason of thy doings; for thy works are marvelous and past finding out. And we are confirmed in our Fidelity without all exception, resigning up our very souls for the holiness of thy name. And now we are come as far as Damascus, intending shortly to proceed in our journey to Scanderone, according as thou hast commanded us: that so we may ascend and see the face of God in light, as the light of the face of the King of life. And we, servants of thy servants, shall cleanse the dust from thy feet, beseeching the majesty of thine excellency and glory to vouchsafe from thy habitation to have a care of us, and help us with the Force of thy Right Hand of Strength, and shorten our way which is before us. And we have our eyes toward Jah, Jah, who will make haste to help us and to save us, that the Children of Iniquity shall not hurt us; and towards whom our hearts pant and are consumed within us: who shall give us Talons of Iron to be worthy to stand under the shadow of thine ass. These are the words of thy Servant of Servants, who prostrates himself to be trod on by the soles of thy feet.—NATHAN BENJAMIN."

VII.

But it was at Thessalonica—now known as Salonica—that Sabbatai gained the greatest following. For Thessalonica was the chief stronghold of the Cabalah; and though the triangular battlemented town, sloping down the mountain to the gulf, was in the hands of the Turks, who had built four fortresses and had set up twelve little cannons against the Corsairs, yet Jews were largely in the ascendant, and their thirty synagogues dominated the mosques of their masters and the churches of the Greeks, even as the crowns they received for supplying the cloths of the Janissaries far exceeded their annual tribute. Castilians, Portuguese, Italians,

they were further recruited by an influx of students from all parts of the empire, for here were two great colleges teaching more than ten thousand scholars. In this atmosphere of pious warmth Sabbatai found consolation for the apathy of Constantinople. Not only men were of his devotees now, but women and maidens, in all their Eastern fervor, raising their face-veils and putting off their shrouding "izars" as they sat at his feet. Virgins, untaught to love or to dissemble, lifted adoring eyes. But Sabbatai's vision was still inwards and heavenwards; and one day he made a great feast, and invited all his friends to his wedding in the chief synagogue. They came with dancing and music and lighted torches, but racked by curiosity, full of guesses as to the bride. Through the close lattice-work of the ladies' balcony peered a thousand eager eyes. When the moment came, Sabbatai, in festal garments, took his stand under the canopy. But no visible bride stood beside him. Moses Pinhero reverently drew a Scroll of the Law from the ark, vested in purple and gold broideries and hung with golden chains and a breast-plate and bells that made sweet music, and he bore it beneath the canopy, and Sabbatai, placing a golden ring on a silver peak of the Scroll, said, solemnly:

"I betroth thee unto me according to the Law of Moses and Israel."

A buzz of astonishment swelled through the synagogue, blent with heavier murmurs of protest from shocked pietists. But the more poetic Cabalists understood. They explained that it was the union of the Torah, the Daughter of Heaven, with the Messiah, the Son of Heaven, who was never to mate with a mortal.

But a "Chacham," unappeased, raised a loud plaint of blasphemy.

"Nay, the blasphemy is thine," replied the Bridegroom of the Law, quietly. "Say not your prophets that the Truth should be the spouse of those who love the Truth?"

But the orthodox faction prevailed, and he was driven from the city.

He went to the Morea, to his father's relatives. He wandered to and fro, and the years slipped by. Worn by fasts and penances, living in inward dreams of righteousness and regeneration, he grew towards middle age, and always on his

sweet scholarly face an air of patient waiting through the slow years. And his train of disciples grew and changed; some died, some wearied of the long expectation. But Samuel Primo, of Jerusalem, became his devoted secretary, and Abraham Rubio was also ever at his side, a drolly impudent beggar, professing unlimited faith in the Messiah and feasting with unbounded appetite on the good things sent by the worshipers and put aside by the persistent ascetic.

"'Tis fortunate I shall be with thee when thou carvest the Leviathan," he said once. "Else would the heathen princesses who shall wait upon us come in for thy pickings."

"In those days of the Kingdom there shall be no more need for abnegation," said Sabbatai. "As it is written, 'and thy fast-days shall become feast-days.'"

"Nay, then, thy feast-days shall become my fast-days," retorted Rubio.

Sabbatai smiled. The beggar was the only man who could make him smile. But he smiled—a grim, bitter smile—when he heard that the great fire he had predicted had devastated Constantinople, and wrought fierce mischief in the Jewish quarter. "The fire will purify their hearts," he said.

VIII.

Nathan the Prophet did not fail to enlarge upon the miraculous prediction of his master, and through all the lands of the exile a tremor ran.

It reached that hospitable table in Cairo, where each noon half a hundred learned Cabalists dined at the palace of the Saraph-Bashi, the Jewish Master of the Mint, himself given to penances and visions, and swathed in sackcloth below the purple robes with which he drove abroad in his chariot of state.

"He who is sent thee," wrote Nathan to Raphael Joseph Chelebi, this pious and open-handed prince in Israel, "is the first man in the world—I may say no more. Honor him, then, and thou shalt have thy reward in his lifetime, wherein thou wilt witness miracles beyond belief. Whatever thou shouldst see, be not astonished. It is a divine mystery. When the time shall come I will give up all to serve him. Would it were granted me to follow him now."

Chelebi was prepared to follow Sabbatai forthwith; he went to meet Sabbatai's vessel, and escorted him to his palace with great honor. But Sabbatai would not lodge therein.

"The time is not yet," he said, and sought shelter with a humble vender of holy books, whose stall stood among the money-changers' booths that led to the chief synagogue, and his followers distributed themselves among the quaint high houses of the Jewry, and walked prophetic in its winding alleys, amid the fantastic chaos of buyers and sellers and donkeys, under the radiant blue strip of Egyptian sky. Only at midday did they repair to the table of the Saraph-Bashi.

"Hadst any perils at sea?" asked the host on the first day. "Men say the Barbary corsairs are astir again."

Sabbatai remained silent, but Samuel Primo, his secretary, took up the reply.

"Perils!" quoth he. "My master will not speak of them, but the captain will tell thee a tale. We never thought to pass Rhodes!"

"Aye," chimed in Abraham Rubio, "we were pursued all night by two pirates, one on either side of us like beggars."

"And the captain," said Isaac Silvera, "despairing of escape, planned to take to the boats with his crew, leaving the passengers to their fate."

"But he did not?" quoth a breathless Cabalist.

"Alas, no," said Abraham Rubio, with a comical grimace. "Would he had done so. For then we should have owned a goodly vessel between us, and the Master would have saved us all the same."

"But righteousness must needs be rewarded," protested Samuel Primo. "And inasmuch as the captain wished to save the Master in the boats——"

"The Master was reading," put in Solomon Lagnado. "The captain cries out, 'The corsairs are upon us!' 'Where?' says the Master. 'There!' says the captain. The Master stretches out his hands, one towards each vessel, and raises his eyes to heaven, and, in a moment, the ships tack and sail away on the high sea."

Sabbatai sat eating his meager meal in silence.

But when the rumor of his miracle

spread, the sick and the crippled hastened to him, and, protesting he could do naught, he laid his hands on them, and many declared themselves healed. Also he touched the lids of the sore-eyed, and they said his fingers were as ointment. But Sabbatai said nothing, made no pretensions, walking ever the path of piety with meek and humble tread. Howbeit, he could not linger in Egypt. The Millennial Year was drawing nigh—the mystic 1666.

Sabbatai Zevi girded up his loins, and, regardless of the rumors of Arab robbers, nay, wearing his phylacteries on his forehead as though to mark himself out as a Jew, and therefore rich, joined a caravan for Jerusalem, by way of Damascus.

IX.

With what ecstasy he prostrated himself to kiss for the first time the soil of the sacred city. Tears rolled from his eyes, half of rapture, half of passionate sorrow for the lost glories of Zion, given over to the Moslem, its gates guarded by Turkish sentries, and even the beauty of its first view of it—domes, towers, and bastions bathed in morning sunlight—fading away in the squalor of its steep alleys.

Nathan the Prophet had apprised the Jews of the coming of their King, and the believers welcomed him with every mark of homage, even substituting Sabbatai Zevi for Sultan Mehemet in the Sabbath prayer for the Sovereign, and at the Wailing Place the despairing sobs of the Sons of the Law were tempered by a great hope.

Poor, squeezed to famishing point by the Turkish officials, deprived of their wonted subsidies from the pious Jews of Poland, who were decimated by Cossack massacres, their long expectation of the Messiah had been intensified by the report which Baruch Gad had brought back to them from Persia of how the sons of Moses living beyond the river Sambatyon (that had ceased to run on the Sabbath), were but awaiting, amid daily miracles, the word of the Messiah to march back to Jerusalem. The lost ten tribes would reassemble; at the blast of the celestial horn the dispersed of Israel would be gathered together from the four corners of the

earth. But Sabbatai deprecated the homage; of Redemption he spake no word.

And verily his coming seemed to bode destruction rather than salvation. For a greedy Pasha, getting wind of the disloyalty of the synagogue to the Sultan, made it a pretext for an impossible fine.

The wretched community was dashed back to despair. Already halved by starvation, whence were they to raise this mighty sum? But recovering, all hearts turned at once to the strange, sorrowful figure that went humbly back and forth among them.

"Money?" said he. "Whence should I take so much money?"

"But thou art Messiah?"

"I Messiah?" He looked at them wistfully.

"Forgive us—we know the hour of thy revelation has not yet struck. But wilt thou not save us by thy human might?"

"How so?"

"Go for us, we pray thee, on a mission to the friendly Saraph-Bashi of Cairo. His wealth alone can ransom us."

"All that man can do I will do," said Sabbatai.

"May thy strength increase!" came the grateful ejaculation, and white-bearded sages stooped to kiss the hem of his garment.

So Sabbatai journeyed back to Cairo by caravan through the desert, preceded, men said, by a pillar of fire, and accompanied when he traveled at night by myriads of armed men that disappeared in the morning, and wheresoever he passed all the Jewish inhabitants flocked to gaze upon him. In Hebron they kept watch all night around his house.

From his casement Sabbatai looked up at the silent stars and down at the swaying sea of faces.

"What if the miracle be not wrought!" he murmured. "If Chelebi refuses to sacrifice so much of his substance! But they believe on me. It must be that Jerusalem will be saved, and that I am the Messiah indeed."

At Cairo the pious Master of the Mint received him with ecstasy, and granted his request ere he had made an end of speaking.

That night Sabbatai wandered away from all his followers, beyond the moon-

lit Nile, towards the Great Pyramid, on, on, unto the white desert, his eyes seeing only inward visions.

"Yea, I am Messiah," he cried at length to the vast night, "I am G——!"

The sudden shelving of the sand made him stumble and in that instant he became aware of the Sphinx towering over him, its great granite face solemn in the moonlight. His voice died away in an awed whisper. Long, long, he gazed into the great stone eyes.

"Speak!" he whispered. "Thou, 'Abou-el-Hol,' Father of Terror, thou who broodedst over the silences ere Moses ben Amram led my people from this land of bondage, shall I not lead them from their dispersal to their ancient unity in the day when God shall be One, and His Name One?"

The Sphinx was silent. The white sea of sand stretched away endlessly with noiseless billows. The Great Pyramid threw a funeral shadow over the arid waste.

"Yea," he cried, passionately. "My Father hath not deceived me. Through me, through me flow the streams of grace to re-create and re-kindle. Hath He not revealed it to me, even ere this day of salvation for Jerusalem, by the date of my birth, by the ancient parchment, by the homage of Nathan, by the faith of my brethren and the rumor of the nations, by my sufferings, by my self-appointed martyrdoms, by my long, weary years of forced wanderings to and fro upon the earth, by my loneliness—ah, God—my loneliness!"

The Sphinx brooded solemnly under the brooding stars. Sabbatai's voice was as the wail of a wind.

"Yea, I will save Israel, I will save the world. Through my holiness the world shall be a temple. Sin and evil and pain shall pass. Peace shall sit under her fig-tree, and swords shall be turned into pruning-hooks, and gladness and brotherhood shall run through all the earth, even as my Father declared unto Israel by the mouth of his prophet Hosea. Yea I, even I, will allure her and bring her into the desert, and speak comfortably unto her. And I will give her vineyards from thence, and the valley of Achor for a door of hope; and she shall sing there as in the days of her youth

and as in the days when she came up out of the land of Egypt. And I will say to them which were not my people, 'Thou art my people;' and they shall say, 'Thou art my God.'"

The Sphinx was silent. And in that silence there was the voice of dead generations that had bustled and dreamed and passed away, countless as the grains of desert sand.

Sabbatai ceased and surveyed the Face in answering silence, his own face growing as inscrutable.

"We are strong and lonely—thou and I," he whispered at last. But the Sphinx was silent.

Here endeth the First Scroll.

SCROLL THE SECOND.

X.

In a little Polish town, early one summer morning, two Jewish women, passing by the cemetery, saw a spirit fluttering whitely among the tombs.

They shrieked, whereupon the figure turned, revealing a beautiful girl in her nightdress, her face albeit distraught, touched unmistakably with the hues of life.

"Ah, ye be daughters of Israel!" cried the strange apparition. "Help me! I have escaped from the nunnery."

"Who art thou?" said they, moving towards her.

"The Messiah's bride!" And her face shone. They stood rooted to the soil. A fresh thrill of the supernatural ran through them.

"Nay, come hither," she cried. "See." And she showed them nail-marks on her naked flesh. "Last night my father's ghostly hands dragged me from the convent."

At this the women would have run away, but each encouraged the other.

"Poor creature! She is mad," they signed and whispered to each other. Then they threw a mantel over her.

"Ye will hide me, will ye not?" she said, pleadingly, and her wild sweetness melted their hearts.

They soothed her and led her homewards by unfrequented byways.

"Where are thy friends, thy parents?"

"Dead, scattered—what know I? Oh,

those days of blood!" She shuddered violently. "Baptism or death! But they were strong. I see a Cossack dragging my mother along with a thong round her neck. 'Here's a red ribbon for you, dear,' he cries, with brutal laughter—they betrayed us to the Cossacks, those Greek Christians within our gates—the Zaporogians dressed themselves like Poles—we open the gates—the gutters run blood—oh, the agonies of the tortured!—oh! father!"

They hushed her cries. Too well they remembered those terrible days of the Chmielnicki massacres, when all the highways of Europe were thronged with haggard Polish Jews, flying from the vengeance of the Cossack chieftain with his troops of Haidamaks, and a quarter of a million of Jewish corpses on the battlefields of Poland were the blunt Cossack's reply to the casuistical cunning engendered by the Talmud.

"They hated my father," the strange, beautiful creature told them, when she was calmer. "He was the lessee of the Polish imposts, and in order that he might collect the fines on Cossack births and marriages, he kept the keys of the Greek church, and the pope had to apply to him ere he could celebrate weddings or baptisms. They offered to baptize him free of tax, but he held firm to his faith. They impaled him on a stake and lashed him—oh, my God!—and the good sisters found me weeping, a little girl, and they took me to the convent and were kind to me and spoke to me of Christ. But I would not believe; no, I could not believe. The psalms and lessons of the synagogue came back to my lips; in visions of the night I saw my father, blood-stained, but haloed with light.

"Be faithful," he would say; 'be faithful to Judaism. A great destiny awaits thee, for lo! our long persecution draws to an end; the days of the Messiah are at hand, and thou shalt be the Messiah's bride.' And the glory of a great hope came into my life and I longed to escape from my prison into the sunlit world. I, the bride of the cloister!" she cried, and revolt flung roses into her white face. "Nay, the bride of the Messiah am I, who shall restore joy to the earth, who shall wipe the tears from off all faces. Last night my father came to

me again and said, 'Be faithful to Judaism.' Then I replied, 'If thou wert of a truth my father, thou wouldst cease thy exhortations; thou wouldst know I would rather die than renounce my faith; thou wouldst rescue me from these hated walls and give me unto my bridegroom.' Thereupon he said, 'Stretch out thine hand;' and I stretched out my hand and I felt an invisible hand clasp it, and when I awoke I found myself by his graveside, where ye came upon me. Oh, take me to the woman's bath forthwith, I pray ye, that I may wash off the years of pollution."

They took her to the woman's bath, admiring her marvelous beauty.

"Where is the Messiah?" she asked.

"He is not come yet," they made answer, for the rising up of Sabbatai was as yet known to but a few disciples.

"Then I will go find him," she answered.

She wandered to Amsterdam—the capital of Jewry—and thence Frankfort-on-the-Main, and thence southwards, in vain search, to Livorne.

And there in the glory of the Italian sunshine, her ardent, unbalanced nature, starved in the chilly convent, yielded to passion, for there were many to love her. But to none would she give herself in marriage. "I am the Messiah's destined bride," she said, and her wild eyes had always an air of waiting.

XI.

And in the course of years the news of her and of her prophecy traveled to Sabbatai Zevi, and found him at Cairo the morning after he had spoken to the Sphinx in the great silences. And to him, under the blue Egyptian sky, came an answering throb of romance. The womanhood that had not moved him in the flesh thrilled him, vaguely imaged from afar, mystically, spiritually.

"Let her be sent for," he said; and his disciples noted an unwonted restlessness in the weary weeks while his ambassadors were away.

"Dost think she will come?" he said once to Abraham Rubio.

"What woman would not come to thee?" replied the beggar. "What dainty is not offered thee? I trow nathe-

less that thou wilt refuse, and that I shall come in for thy leavings."

Sabbatai smiled faintly.

"What have I to do with women?" he murmured. "But I would fain know what hath been prophetically revealed to her."

When she at length arrived, he left his mean brick dwelling in the Jewry and received her alone in a marble-paved chamber in the palace of the Saraph-Bashi, the walls adorned with frescoes and the ceilings with arabesques formed of thin strips of painted wood, the air cooled by a fountain playing into a pool lined with black and white marbles and red tiling. Lattice-work windows gave on the central court, and were supplemented by decorative windows of stained glass, wrought into fantastic patterns.

"Peace, O Messiah!" Her smile was dazzling, and there was more of gaiety than of reverence in her voice. Her white teeth flashed 'twixt laughing lips. Sabbatai's heart was beating furiously at the sight of the lady of his dreams. She was clad in shimmering white Italian silk, which, draped tightly about her bosom, showed her as some gleaming statue. Bracelets glittered on her white wrists, gems of fire sparkled among her long, white fingers, a network of pearls was all her headdress. Her eyes had strange depths of passion, perfumes breathed from her skin, lusterless like dead ivory.

Not thus came the maidens of Israel to wedlock, demure, spotless, spiritless, with shorn hair, priestesses of the ritual of the home.

"Peace, O Melisselda!" he said, involuntarily.

"Nay; wherefore Melisselda?" she cried.

"And wherefore Messiah?" he answered.

"I have seen thee in visions—'tis the face, the figure, the prophetic beauty—but wherefore Melisselda?"

He laughed into her eyes and hummed softly:

"From her bath she arose,
Pure and white as the snows,
Melisselda."

"Ay, that did I, when I washed off the convent. But my name is Sarah."

"Nay, not Sarah, but Sarai—my Princess!" His voice was hoarse and falter-

ing. This strange new sense of romance that, like a callow-bird, had been stirring in his breast ever since he had heard of her quest of him, spread its wings and soared heavenwards. She had been impure—but her impurity swathed her in mystic seductiveness. The world's law bound her no more than him—she was free and elemental, a spirit to match his own; purified perpetually by its own white fire. She came nearer, and her eyes wrapped him in flame.

"My Prince!" she cried.

He drew backwards. "Nay, but I must know no woman."

"None but thy true mate," she answered. "Thou hast kept thyself pure for me even as I have kept myself passionate for thee. Come, thou shalt make me pure and I will make thee passionate."

He looked at her wistfully. The cool splash of the fountain was pleasant in the silence.

"I make thee pure!" he breathed.

"Ay," and she repeated softly:

"Pure and white as the snows,
Melisselda."

"Melisselda!" he whispered.

"Messiah!" she cried with heaving bosom. "Come, I will teach thee the joy of life. Together we will rule the world. What! when thou hast redeemed the world, shall it not rejoice, shall not the morning stars sing together? My King, my Sabbatai."

Her figure was a queen's, her eyes were stars, her lips a woman's.

"Kiss me!" they pleaded. "Thy long martyrdom is over. Now begins my mission—to bring thee joy. So hath it been revealed to me."

"Hath it been indeed revealed to thee?" he demanded, hoarsely.

"Yea, again and again, in dreams of the night. The bride of the Messiah—so runs my destiny. Embrace thy bride."

His eyes kindled to hers. He seemed in a circle of dazzling white flame that exalted and not destroyed.

"Then I am Messiah, indeed," he thought, glowing, and, stooping, he knew for the first time the touch of a woman's lips.

XII.

The Master of the Mint was overjoyed to celebrate the Messiah's marriage under

his own gilded roof. To the few who shook their heads at the bride's past, Sabbatai made answer that the prophecies must be fulfilled, and that he, too, had had visions in which he was commanded, like the prophet Hosea, to marry an unchaste wife. And his disciples saw that it was a great mystery, symbolising what the Lord had spoken through the mouth of Jeremiah: "Again I will build thee and thou shalt be built, O virgin of Israel: thou shalt again be adorned with thy tabrets and shall go forth in the dances of them that make merry." So the festivities set in, and the palace was filled with laughter and dancing and merrymaking.

And Melisselda inaugurated the reign of joy. Her advent brought many followers to Sabbatai. Thousands fell under the spell of her beauty, her queenly carriage, gracious yet gay. A new spirit of romance was born in ritual-ridden Israel. Men looked upon their wives distastefully, and the wives caught something of her fire and bearing and learned the movement of abandon and the glance of passion. And so, with a great following, enriched by the beauty of Melisselda and the gold of the Master of the Mint, Sabbatai returned to redeem Jerusalem.

Jerusalem was intoxicated with joy; the prophecies of Elijah the Tishbite, known on earth as Nathan of Gaza, were borne on wings of air to the four corners of the world.

"To the Remnant of the Israelites," he wrote, "Peace without end. Behold I go to meet the face of our Lord, whose majesty be exalted, for he is the Sovereign of the King of Kings, whose empire be enlarged. And now I come to make known unto you that though ye have heard strange things of our Lord, yet let not your hearts faint or fear, but rather fortify yourselves in your Faith because all his actions are miraculous and secret, which human understanding cannot comprehend, and who can penetrate into the depth of them? In a brief time all things shall be manifested to you clearly in their purity, and ye shall know and consider and be instructed by the Inventor himself. Blessed is he who can expect and arrive to the Salvation of the true Messiah, who will speedily publish his Authority and Empire over us now and forever.

"NATHAN."



Drawn by Solomon J. Solomon.

"HE KNEW, FOR THE FIRST TIME, THE TOUCH OF A WOMAN'S LIPS."

In the Holy City the aged rabbis of the sacred colleges alone betrayed misgivings, fearing that the fine would be annually renewed, and even the wealth of Chelebi exhausted. Elsewhere, the Jewries were divided into factions, that fought each other with the texts, and set the Word against the Word. This verse clearly proved the Messiah had come, and that verse that the signs were not yet fulfilled; and had not Solomon, the wise king, said that the fool gave belief at once to all indifferently, while the wise man weighed and considered before believing? Fiercely waged the battle of the texts, and a comet appeared on behalf of the believers. Demoniacs saw Sabbatai Zevi in heaven with three crowns, one for Messiah, one for King, and one for Conqueror of the Peoples. But the Jerusalem rabbis remaining skeptical, Nathan proclaimed in an ecstasy that she was no longer the sacred city, the primacy had passed to Gaza. But Sabbatai was fain to show himself at Smyrna, his native city, and hither he marched, preceded by apostles who kindled the communities he was to pass through. Raphael, another Greek beggar, rhapsodised interminably, and Bloch, a Cabalist from Germany, a meek, simple soul, had frenzies of fiery inspiration. Samuel Primo, the untiring secretary, scattered ceaseless letters and mysterious manifestoes. But to none did Sabbatai himself claim to be the Messiah—he commanded men not to speak of it till the hour should come. Yet was his progress one long triumphal procession. At Aleppo the Jews hastened to meet him with songs and dances; "the gates of joy are opened," they wrote to Constantinople. At Smyrna itself the exile was received with delirium, with cries of "*Messhiach!*" "*Messiah!*" which he would not acknowledge, but to which Melisselda responded with seductive smiles. His aged father fell upon his neck.

"The souls depart," said Sabbatai, kissing him, "but they return."

He was brought before the Cadi, who demanded a miracle.

"Thou askest a miracle?" said Sabbatai, scornfully. "Would'st see a pillar of fire?"

The Sabbatians who thronged the audience chamber uttered a cry and covered their faces with their hands.

"Yea, we see, we see," they shouted. The word was passed to the dense crowd surging without, and it swayed madly. Husbands ran home to tell their wives and children, and when Sabbatai left the presence chamber he was greeted with delirious acclamations.

And while Smyrna was thus seething, and its Jews were preparing themselves by purification and prayer for the great day, a courier dark as a Moor with the sunburn of unresting travel, arrived in the town with a letter from the Holy City. It was long before he could obtain audience with Sabbatai, who, with his inmost disciples, was celebrating a final fast, and meantime the populace was in a ferment of curiosity, the messenger recounting how he had tramped for three months through the terrible heat to see the face of the Messiah and kiss his feet and deliver the letter from the holy men of Jerusalem, who were too poor to pay for his speedier journeying. But when at last Sabbatai read the letter, his face lit up though he gave no sign of the contents. His disciples pressed for its publication, and, after much excitement, Sabbatai consented that it should be read from the "*Al Memor*" of the synagogue. When they learned that it bore the homage of repentant Jerusalem, their joy was tumultuous to the point of tears. Sabbatai threw twenty silver crowns on a salver for the messenger, and invited others to do the same, so that the happy envoy could scarce stagger away with his reward.

Nevertheless Sabbatai still delayed to declare himself.

But at last the long silence drew to an end. The great year of 1666 was nigh, before many moons the new year of the Christians would dawn. Under the direction of Melisselda men were making sleeved robes of white satin for the Messiah. And one day, thus arrayed in gleaming white, at the head of a great procession walking two by two, Sabbatai Zevi marched to the House of God.

XIII.

In the gloom of the great synagogue, while the worshipers swayed ghostly, and the ram's horn shouted shrill and jubilant, Sabbatai, standing before the Ark, where the Scrolls of the Law stood

solemn, proclaimed himself, amid a tense awe as of heavens opening in ineffable vistas, the Righteous Redeemer, the Anointed of Israel.

A frenzied shout of joy, broken by sobs, answered him from the vast assembly.

"Long live our King! Our Messiah!" Many fell prostrate on the ground, their faces to the floor, kissing it, weeping, screaming, shouting in ecstatic thankfulness; others rocked to and fro, blinded by their tears, hoarse with exultation.

"*Messhiach! Messhiach!*"

"Thy Kingdom has come!"

"Blessed be the Messiah!"

In the women's gallery there were shrieks and moans; some swooned, others fell a-propheying, contorting themselves spasmodically, uttering wild exclamations; the spirit seized upon little children, and they waved their arms and shouted frantically.

"*Messhiach! Messhiach!*"

The long exile of Israel was over—the bitter centuries of the badge and the byword, slaughter and spoliation; no longer, oh God! to cringe in false humility, the scoff of the street-boy, the mockery of mankind, penned in ghettos, branded with the wheel or the cap—but restored to divine favor as every prophet had predicted, and uplifted to the sovereignty of the peoples.

"*Messhiach! Messhiach!*"

They poured into the narrow streets, laughing, chattering, leaping, dancing, weeping hysterically, begging for forgiveness of their iniquities. They fell at Sabatāi's feet, women spread rich carpets for him to tread (though he humbly skirted them), and decked their windows and balconies with costly hangings and cushions. Some, conscious of sin that might shut them out from the Kingdom, made for the harbor and plunged into the icy waters; some dug themselves graves in the damp soil and buried themselves up to their necks till they were numb and fainting; others dropped melted wax upon their naked bodies. But the most common way of mortification was to prick their backs and sides with thorns and then give themselves thirty-nine lashes. Many fasted for days upon days and kept Cabalistic watches by night, intoning "*Tikkunim*" (prayers).

And, blent with these penances, festi-

val after festival, riotous, delirious, whenever Sabbatāi Zevi, with his vast train of followers, and waving a fan, showed himself in the street on his way to a ceremony or to give Cabalistic interpretations of Scripture in the synagogue. The shopkeepers of the Jewish bazaar closed their doors and followed in the frenzied procession, singing: "The right hand of the Lord is exalted; the right hand bringeth victory," jostling, fighting, in their anxiety to be touched with the fan and inherit the Kingdom of Heaven. And over these vast, romping crowds, drunk with faith, Melisselda quened it with her voluptuous smiles and the joyous abandon of her dancing, and men and women, boys and girls, embraced and kissed in hysterical frenzy. The yoke of the law was over, the ancient chastity forgotten. In the Cabalistic communities of Thessalonica, where the pious began at once to do penance, some dying from a seven days' fast and others from rolling themselves naked in the snow, parents hastened to couple young children, so that all the souls not yet born should be brought into the world; and the era of grace for mankind be no longer delayed by the incompleteness of the human race. Seven hundred children were thus joined in wedlock. Business, work was suspended. The wheel of the clothworkers ceased; the camels no longer knelt in the Jewish quarter of Smyrna, the shops remained open only so long as was necessary to clear off the merchandise at any price; whoso of private persons had any superfluity of household stuff, sold it off similarly, but yet not to Jews, for these were interdicted from traffic, business being the mark of the unbeliever, and punishable by excommunication, pecuniary mulcts, or corporeal chastisements. Everybody prepared for the imminent return to Palestine, when the heathen should wait at the table of the Saints and the great Leviathan deck the Messianic board. In the interim, the poor were supported by the rich. In Thessalonica alone, four thousand persons lived on gifts—truly Messianic times for the Abraham Rubios! In Smyrna the authority of the Cadi was ignored or silenced by gifts; when the Turks complained, the seraglio swallowed gold on both sides. The "*Chacham*,"

Aaron de la Papa, being an unbeliever, and one of those who had originally driven him from his birthplace, was removed by Sabbatai and Chayim Benvenisti appointed "Chacham" instead. The noble Chayim Penya, the one skeptic of importance left in Smyrna, was well-nigh torn to pieces in the synagogue by the angry multitude, but when his own daughters went into prophetic trances and saw the glory of the Kingdom, he went over to Sabbatai's side, and reports flew everywhere that the Messiah's enemies were struck with frenzies and madness, till, restored by him to their former temper and wits, they became his friends, worshipers and disciples. Four hundred other men and women fell into strange ecstasies, foamed at the mouth, and recounted their visions of the Lion of Judah, while infants, who could scarcely stammer out a syllable plainly, repeated the name of Sabbatai, the Messiah, being possessed, and voices sounding from their stomachs and entrails. Such reports, bruited through the world by the foreign ambassadors at Smyrna, the clerks of the English and Dutch houses, the resident foreigners and the Christian ministers, excited a prodigious sensation, thrilling civilized mankind. On the exchanges of Europe men took the odds for and against a Jewish kingdom.

Upon the Jews of the world the news that the Messiah had passed from a far-off aspiration into a reality fell like a thunderbolt; they were dazed with joy; then they began to prepare for the great journey. Everywhere self-flagellation, alms-giving, prophetic ecstasies and trances, the scholars and the mob at one in joyous belief. And everywhere also profligacy, adultery, incest, through the spread of a mystical doctrine that the sinfulness of the world could only be overcome by the superabundance of sin.

XIV.

Amsterdam and Hamburg—the two wealthiest communities—receiving constant prophetic messages from Nathan of Gaza, became eager participators in the coming Kingdom. In the Dutch capital, where Spinoza had recently been excommunicated by the Synagogue and struck at by the dagger of a fanatic, the houses

of prayer grew riotous with music and dancing, the dwelling houses gloomy with penitential rigors. The streets were full of men and women prophesying spasmodically, the printing presses panted, turning out new prayer-books with penances and formulæ for the faithful. And in these "Tikkunim," starred with mystic emblems of the Messiah's dominance, the portrait of Sabbatai appeared side by side with that of King David. At Hamburg the Jews were borne heavenward on a wave of exultation; they snapped their fingers at the Christian tormentor, and refused any longer to come to the compulsory Christian services. Their own services became pious orgies. Stately Spanish Jews, grave, blue-blooded Portuguese, hitherto smacking of the Castilian hidalgo, noble seigniors like Manuel Texeira, the friend of a Queen of Sweden, erudite physicians like Bendito de Castro, president of the congregation, might have been seen in the synagogues, skipping like harts upon the mountains, dancing wild dances with the Holy Scroll clasped to their bosoms.

"*Hi diddi hulda hi ti ti!*" they caroled, in merry meaninglessness.

"Nay, but this is second childhood," quoth the venerable Jacob Sasportas, chief rabbi of the English Jews, as he sat in the presidential pew, an honored visitor at Hamburg. "Surely thy flock is demented."

De Castro's brow grew black.

"Have a care, or my sheep may turn dog. An they overhear thee, it were safer for thee even to go back to thy London."

Sasportas shook his head, with a humorous twinkle.

"Yea, if Sabbatai will accompany me. An he be Messiah, let him face the plague; let him come and prophesy in London and outdo Solomon Eagle. Let him heal the sick and disburden the death-carts."

"He should but lay his hands on the sick and they were cured!" retorted de Castro. "But his mission is not in the isles of the West; he establisheth the throne in Zion."

"Well for thee not in Hamburg, else would thy revenues dwindle, O wise physician. But the plague is well-nigh spent now; if he come now he may take the credit of the cure."

(To be continued.)

THE HISTORY OF THE LADY BETTY STAIR.

BY MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL.

II.—Continued.

THE afternoon was fast melting into night and there was a gray pall of mist and rain over the old town. De Bourmont walked on, not feeling the rain or the wind. In his ears rang Mackenzie's words. He should be fighting for his country! He could almost see the Austrians and the Prussians advancing upon French armies, and trampling Frenchmen under their feet—and he, he here in idleness! He ground his teeth, and walked and walked for hours, he knew not whither. He did not appear at dinner that night, and Lady Betty Stair was sad and distraught. About ten o'clock, when the solemn game of ombre was going on in the grand salon, de Bourmont came in. He looked haggard, and sat down silently in a window seat. Presently, Lady Betty Stair came along, and sat down by him.

"Where have you been, that you look so sad?" she asked.

"At Saulsbury Crag."

"On such a night!"

"Yes. A Scotchman asked me to-day why I was not fighting for France. I could not come back after that and play cards with his royal highness."

"I know how you must have felt," said Lady Betty, in a low voice.

"Not quite," answered de Bourmont, with a smile that was ferocious in its despair. "No one can know what a Frenchman suffers, all of whose ancestors used their swords for France; while now, she is fighting all Europe—and he stays here—in attendance upon royalty!"

De Bourmont spoke with such a concentration of rage that Lady Betty looked around, fearful that he might be overheard.

"Don't trouble yourself, Lady Betty Stair," said he, smiling slightly. "I wish I could be overheard! I wish this moment that his royal highness would kick me out of this place. Sometimes, do you know, I ask myself if those 'canaille' in France are not right after all in thinking the country more than the king. See how gallantly they fought the Austrians

that we, *we*, WE, the royalists, invited into France to avenge the killing of the king and queen! I assure you, I have not spent a day in peace, or slept a night through since first I began following his royal highness around. I thought it was my duty at first—but there is 'noblesse oblige' for one's country as well as one's sovereign—and I will be hanged, shot or guillotined," he suddenly cried, "If I stay out of France another month!"

"Good, good," cried Lady Betty. "There spoke a man!"

"But remember," said de Bourmont, in a warning voice, "not one word of this. I am here to stay until the Day of Judgment, if need be. Nothing would induce me to desert his royal highness, Charles Philippe, Comte d'Artois. I have no intention whatever of running away." Here de Bourmont smiled cunningly.

"I understand you perfectly," gravely answered Lady Betty. "You want permission offered you by his royal highness?"

And then de Bourmont asked, "will you be sorry when I am gone?"

"No," said Lady Betty, looking him bravely in the eye, but the blood dropped swiftly out of her fair face.

Four days after that was the grand ball. Lady Betty and de Bourmont were much together in that time and they were seen whispering together so often and so intimately that those who could see farther into a millstone than most people, confidently predicted that "something would come of it."

De Bourmont had some qualms about the coming ball, when Lady Betty and Flora Mackenzie would be brought face to face. He was not vain enough to think for one moment that either of them was in love with him. But he apprehended Lady Betty's fine scorn when she found out, as she certainly would, that he had pursued his acquaintance with the lawyer's daughter in the new town.

De Bourmont had one of those generous temperaments that can be upon the verge of falling in love with two women at once. And Flora Mackenzie was very

beautiful—even more so than the daughter of the Macdonalds of Stair—and de Bourmont was in love with beauty wherever he found it. However, he consoled himself with this reflection, "I shall soon be out of it all. No more balls for me. I shall soon be marching and fighting like a true Frenchman should be at this time."

The night of the great ball arrived, and when de Bourmont and Lady Betty went together to the anteroom of the Comte d'Artois and his princess to attend them, de Bourmont felt very much in love with Lady Betty's beauty. She had no fine gowns but she had the whitest neck, and the brightest eyes, and across her slender figure was draped the silk tartan of the Macdonalds, which she wore as proudly as if it were the ribbon of the Garter. If Lady Betty felt any regret at the coming parting, of which she was the only soul in Holyrood that knew anything, she very bravely hid it—for de Bourmont was chagrined and half offended at the air of careless happiness that she wore.

The company was assembled in the long ball-room, which blazed with wax lights. At eight o'clock most of the guests had arrived, the gentlemen wearing swords, as part of their full dress, and the ladies mostly in ringlets. A dais, covered with crimson cloth, with a canopy over it, and two armchairs for the royal pair, was erected at the upper end of the room. At the lower end a band was stationed which played Scotch versions of "L'air Henri Quatre," "Gavotte de Louis XI." and other French compositions that referred to the Bourbons. Dancing did not begin until after their royal highnesses had come and gone—but at ten minutes past eight, precisely, the Comte d'Artois, magnificently dressed in some old finery that he had saved from Versailles, and his Savoyard wife, Marie Thérèse, upon his arm, made a solemn entry, and proceeded up the long ball-room, bowing right and left to the ladies and gentlemen who lined the way to the dais. They were not a very royal looking pair, but very good-natured and amiable. Lady Betty Stair held up the princess's great train of flowered satin, while de Bourmont walked next her, after the Comte d'Artois. De Bourmont was secretly wondering how this ball would

turn out for him—and no man can be at ease who has two women in his mind. Lady Betty looked very demure—she was always very demure when she was not very saucy—and she was not less pretty for a concealed agitation that she had felt ever since she knew that de Bourmont was "riding for a fall" from royal favor.

The royal party made a very slow and stately progress toward the dais, the jeweled feathers in the princess's headdress nodding gravely and incessantly, and presently they reached the dais and the princess seated herself, her train being very carefully spread out by Lady Betty, who then took her stand behind the royal chair. De Bourmont was behind the Comte d'Artois's chair, and he and Lady Betty exchanged little nods and looks that took the place of conversation, which etiquette forbade during the performance of the solemn and arduous duty of standing up behind the chairs of princes and princesses.

Then, all the ladies and gentlemen advanced in the order of their rank, and paid their respects. Most of them were known to the little circle at Holyrood, but presently there was a sort of hush—the beautiful Flora Mackenzie, tall, superbly dressed, was approaching, with her father and mother, and scarcely ten persons in the room knew who she was. She walked quite calmly and sedately behind the counsellor, who had Mistress Mackenzie upon his arm. The older woman was finely gowned, as became a rich man's wife, and blazed with diamonds. Flora had on a rich white brocaded satin, very unlike the simple muslins and gauzes that were all the young girls of the exiled court could afford, and around her neck was a great string of pearls. As she approached, Lady Betty so far forgot etiquette as to whisper to de Bourmont:

"Who is she?"

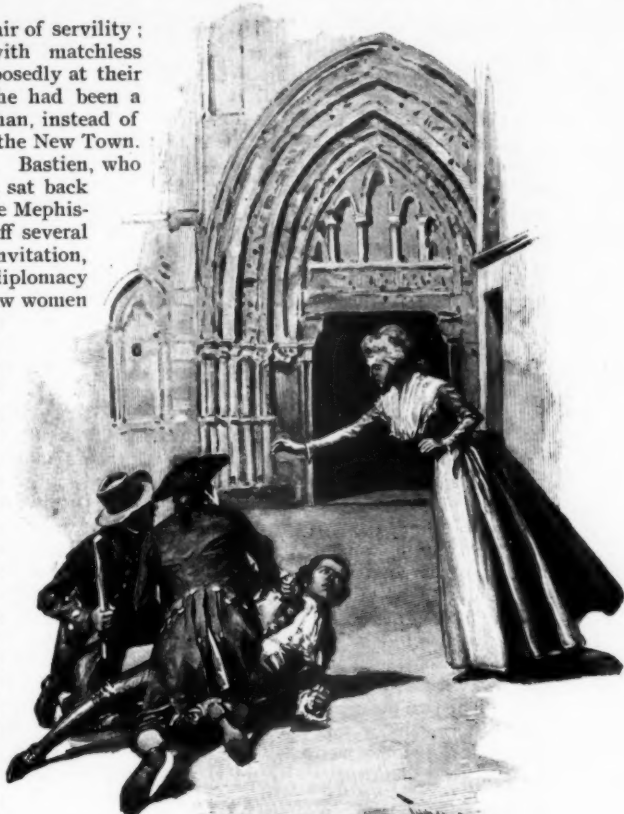
"Miss Mackenzie," answered de Bourmont, feeling as guilty as if he had stolen something.

Lady Betty flashed him a look of scorn and jealousy and pain that was indescribable. She felt quite sure that he had got them their invitation; and Flora's beauty and her noble figure and her string of pearls went like a dagger to Lady Betty's quivering heart. The counsellor and his wife made their bows with

dignity and without any air of servility ; but Flora made hers with matchless grace, and looked as composedly at their royal highnesses as if she had been a Montmorenci or a de Rohan, instead of a lawyer's daughter from the New Town. It was a great sensation. Bastien, who was responsible for it all, sat back in a corner and smiled like Mephistopheles. He had paid off several old scores by getting that invitation, which had required some diplomacy and some secrecy. He knew women well enough to understand that Lady Betty, in her heart, at once taxed de Bourmont with having got the Mackenzies to the levee. De Bourmont did not know in the least how the old counsellor would take it that a man should introduce himself into another man's house under an assumed character, but at the moment that Counsellor Mackenzie caught de Bourmont's glance, a twinkle came into the old Scotchman's eye. He had found out that de Bourmont was a gentleman and had charged him with it, and here he was, one of the first gentlemen in the royal suite. De Bourmont's eyes twinkled, too, as he bowed and smiled at the counsellor. Mistress Mackenzie gave him a bow of delighted recognition, but her heart jumped into her mouth—here she had been treating a gentleman-in-waiting on royalty exactly as if he had been a mere ordinary French teacher. Only Flora looked at him so calmly and loftily, that no one would have dreamed that they had ever met before.

De Bourmont could not leave his post until the royalties saw fit to retire, and that was not until nearly midnight.

Lady Betty spoke no more to him that evening. She often played at haughtiness with him, and it was a joke of de Bourmont's to complain to the princess of Lady Betty's unkindness to him—when she would be called up and be



Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.

"LET HIM GO, YOU WRETCHED BAILIFFS."

gravely admonished ; at which she would say such droll things that the princess would laugh heartily—and the poor princess had only too few things to make her laugh. De Bourmont whispered to Lady Betty, therefore :

"If you are so cruel to me I shall report you to the princess ;" but Lady Betty flashed him such a look of anger that he said no more to her.

A man will not stand much of that sort of thing, so, as soon as their royal highnesses retired, de Bourmont left Lady Betty and, rather ostentatiously, sought out the Mackenzies. The counsellor burst

out laughing when de Bourmont appeared.

"So, Monsieur de Bourmont," he said, "you are a gentleman, after all!"

"But it is not my fault," answered de Bourmont, with his usual air of well-bred impudence; "I was born so, without anybody's asking me if I wished to be a gentleman or not. I had no choice at all."

The counsellor was not very deeply offended with him for masquerading as a tutor, although de Bourmont explained to them that the money did not go amiss, as he was uncommonly in need of it. And all of them laughed at de Bourmont's plea of poverty, which, although very real, he always put in such an amusing way that people could not but smile.

Then de Bourmont, who had not said a word to Flora, asked her to join in the quadrille which was then being formed. She simply bowed silently; and de Bourmont led her to a place in the dance—and there, as soon as he looked up, he saw Lady Betty Stair and Bastien, standing up to dance opposite them.

It was then too late to retreat, and, besides, de Bourmont would not seem to run away from either Lady Betty or Bastien. The two girls looked haughtily at each other. In Lady Betty's eyes was a cool, fine-lady air of scorn, which was not wasted on the lawyer's daughter. She asked de Bourmont, carelessly, who Lady Betty was—and, in spite of his cool and self-possessed manner, Flora shrewdly guessed out, in an instant, something very near the truth—and she returned Lady Betty's look of haughty contempt with interest.

The dance began. De Bourmont saw Bastien whispering in Lady Betty's ear, and laughing—and he saw the blood mount slowly but redly into her clear cheek. Bastien was telling some story about him—probably more about the wager—to Lady Betty. And he caught something about "a great fortune," in the turn of the dance—for Flora Mackenzie was a very great fortune. Lady Betty carefully avoided de Bourmont's eye, and once, when in the dance their hands met and he gave her fingers a faint pressure, she looked into his eyes with such an air of cold surprise that he dared not repeat it.

At last the ball was over, and de Bourmont and Lady Betty, each angry, chagrined and burning with love for the other, parted, after having plagued each other exquisitely for the whole evening.

III.

"I will not forgive him. No. I will not. I do not like his conduct with the lawyer's daughter, who has forty thousand pounds." So said Lady Betty Stair to herself many times a day—yet, within a week, after a five minutes' talk with de Bourmont in the embrasure of a window, they both came forth with happy, glorified faces, and de Bourmont was indeed forgiven. He had told her that the Count d'Artois had "voluntarily" given him permission to return to France and he only awaited a chance of a vessel sailing for Brittany, which was the only coast in France where a royalist could land without being clapped into prison before he had time to explain why he came. And then, looking searchingly at Lady Betty, de Bourmont had said:

"I cannot tell the woman I love, that I love her, until I have my sword in my hand—but then—! Lady Betty, if I leave a letter for you when I go away, will you read it?"

"Yes," answered Lady Betty, blushing and trembling very much.

And so it came that their faces had a look of paradise in them. This was not the French way of proceeding, but the Scotch way; and it was de Bourmont's fixed opinion that the Scotch way was best.

Only a few weeks more passed before de Bourmont left for France, but in that time many strange things happened. The first was, the news that Bastien had been left a considerable fortune, not in assignats, but in good English gold. Lady Betty, who could not forbear once in a while whetting her wit on Bastien, made him a laughing stock, the very night the great news came, while the ladies and gentlemen were awaiting in the salon the coming of their royal highnesses. Everybody was congratulating Bastien, and when it came to Lady Betty's turn she said, curtseying low:

"A thousand congratulations, Monsieur Bastien—and don't be *too* generous with your fortune. You are not called

upon to spend it *all* in the service of the royal cause—as the Macdonalds of Stair did with the Stuart cause.”

As Bastien was notoriously close with his money and had got more out of exiled royalty than he ever gave it, these words caused a smile to go around the circle, not even Abbé de Ronceray being entirely free from suspicion—and Bastien longed to clap his hand over Lady Betty's rosy mouth.

A curious thing happened to Bastien at this time. When he had been nearly penniless, he had thought it both wicked and absurd that he should feel so acutely the fascination of a penniless Scotch girl like Lady Betty—and when he had twenty thousand pounds, it seemed still more wicked and absurd. And as money seeks money, his thoughts turned instantly to Flora Mackenzie.

Some few days after this, Counsellor Mackenzie made his way up the stairs of the gloomy palace, and on asking for de Bourmont, was shown into the ante-room reserved for the gentlemen-in-waiting. There sat de Bourmont, who was delighted to see the honest counsellor.

“My friend,” presently said old Mackenzie, fixing his clear blue eyes on de Bourmont, “I have startling news in my family. Monsieur Bastien has asked for the hand of my daughter Flora.”

De Bourmont was surprised—this was quick work.

“And I have come to ask your opinion of this same Bastien, whom”—here the counsellor brought his stick down on the floor with a thwack—“I believe to be as arrant a knave as God's sun shines on!”

De Bourmont laughed at this novel way of asking advice.

“I have nothing against Monsieur Bastien,” he replied, “and if I had, I could not mention it, being a fellow exile with him.”

“Not to save my child?”

“My dear counsellor, I know of no man better able to take care of your lovely daughter than you are.”

“Then you will say nothing one way or the other?”

“Not a word.”

“That settles it,” responded the counsellor, getting upon his sturdy legs, “he shall not have my child. I beg your pardon for speaking ill of your fellow-coun-

tryman, but to my mind, Bastien has the word “rogue” writ large all over him—and is a — supercilious dog beside! Could you have seen the air with which he asked for the honor of paying his addresses to Miss Mackenzie—very well—very well—I'll be ready for this Monsieur Bastien when he comes to-morrow to get his answer.”

“My faith! I would not be in Bastien's shoes,” said de Bourmont, laughing—but becoming grave, asked: “How does Miss Mackenzie stand toward him?”

“Hanged if I know,” responded Miss Mackenzie's candid father, “good-morning.” And the counsellor, being a man of his word, Bastien got his congé the very next day.

The ladies and gentlemen in waiting, having little to amuse them during the long days and longer evenings, got hold of Bastien's unsuccessful suit, and gave him many a sly dig, as he walked about, frowning and abstracted, and always thinking about his money. And Lady Betty, being a rash creature, was not behindhand in this sly sort of chaff, so that in a little while Bastien began to hate her a good deal harder than he had ever loved her. And then, he was fully persuaded that he owed his ill luck with Flora Mackenzie to de Bourmont, and privately resolved to get even with him.

Meanwhile, as Bastien grew richer, de Bourmont grew poorer, and suddenly the tradesmen he owed became very pressing in their attentions. Being ignorant of the Scotch law of debtors, de Bourmont listened very attentively when Lady Betty described to their royal highnesses in the great salon, one evening, that peculiar institution of Holyrood Palace, concerning “Abbey lairds.”

“This palace remains still a sanctuary for debtors,” she said, “and any honest debtor, prisoned by his creditors, who can reach that place outside the gate called the Strand, is safe from arrest as long as he remains within the demesne of Holyrood—and on Sunday he may walk abroad anywhere he likes, without fear of molestation. My father has told me that in his day it was a common enough thing to claim sanctuary here, and to see a man fleeing toward Holyrood was sure to start a rabble at his heels, all, however, apt to be partisans of the fugitive—for the peo-

ple rather like to have the bailiffs outrun. Sanctuary is sometimes claimed now, but as my father said, the devil is not so strong as he was forty years ago, and creditors are more honest, or debtors more careful whom they trust."

Their royal highnesses listened and laughed, as did the Abbé de Ronceray, with whom Betty, for all her sauciness, was a great favorite—but the most interested among all the hearers was Bastien. He made so many and such minute inquiries about it that Betty asked him very innocently:

"Why, Monsieur Bastien, are you thinking of claiming sanctuary?"

It was only a few nights after that, when de Bourmont, walking down the Cowgate in the moonlight and thinking of his proposed departure to France and Lady Betty, and wondering how long it would be before he could come back and claim her, presently found two or three men slipping out of the dark "closes" on either side, and apparently following him. De Bourmont quickened his pace, and his mysterious friends quickened theirs. De Bourmont broke into a run—so did his unknown friends.

"Bailiffs, by all that's holy!" said de Bourmont to himself—and then, remembering Lady Betty's story, he laid his heels to the ground for Holyrood. A pack of idlers, standing on the street, suddenly sent up a cry: "Bailiffs! and he's makin' for the palace!"

Straightway, they all started in full cry after him. Not all of them really wanted to see him caught—indeed, they rather impeded the bailiffs in the chase—they merely wanted to be in at the dénouement. Windows were flung up, as the scurrying, shouting crowd followed after de Bourmont's flying figure. A friendly voice, evidently belonging to some one who recognized one of the exiles of Holyrood, shouted: "Gang it, Frenchy!"

This still further inclined the crowd toward de Bourmont, as, with swift justice, it was felt to be a peculiarly unhand-some thing to molest exiles and strangers within their gates. De Bourmont began to perceive that the mob was on his side—always an exhilarating knowledge—and he ran still faster toward the great gloomy pile that rose before him in the white glow of the moon. Windows in the

palace were being raised, and two heads belonging to their two royal highnesses were seen at the great windows that face the Cowgate, watching the flight and the pursuit, which became exciting enough, with yells, shrieks and laughter—for these were occasions for public mirth. The palace courtyard was full of people, who overflowed beyond the gate, but who were careful to leave a clear space for the fugitive, now rapidly approaching. All the ladies in waiting had got permission to run down the stone stairs to see the sight which was so excruciatingly humorous from the Edinburg point of view—and Lady Betty was among them. As the flying figure neared the line of demarkation a great cry went up, in French and English—"Hurrah! Brava! Weel done!" Everybody, clearly, was against the bailiffs, one of whom was almost on de Bourmont's heels—for Lady Betty, recognizing him, had shrieked out: "'Tis Monsieur de Bourmont!"—the bailiff put out his arm and caught de Bourmont by the shoulder as the two crossed the line together—and then they both tumbled over in a heap, de Bourmont's head and body well within the line, but his legs outside of it.

A loud groan went up—the crowd thought de Bourmont had lost—but some one came running down the palace stairs, laughing stridently. It was Bastien. The other bailiff had then fallen upon de Bourmont, and all three were struggling fiercely on the ground. Suddenly, Lady Betty Stair advanced a step or two, and cried out, in a shrill, sweet voice:

"Let him go, you wretched bailiffs. Do you not know the law? If the debtor's head falls over the line, as this gentleman's did, he is safe, for the head is the noblest part of the body. And let him go, this instant, I say!"

A ringing cheer broke from the crowd, and a brawny Scotchman, taking hold of the uppermost bailiff, threw him aside like a bale of wool, saying, gruffly:

"Dinna ye hear the ledgy?"

The officers of the law, more out of respect to the temper of the mob than Lady Betty's words, let de Bourmont rise, who made her a low bow, and then proceeded to carefully dust his clothes. At this the crowd sent up a great cheer for Lady Betty, who, turning a beautiful rosy red, said to de Bourmont:

"Monsieur, you have lost your only chance of being a laird of Scotland—a not inconsiderable honor. Do you not know the good old song?" Whereupon she sang, in a thrilling, sweet voice:

"When, bankrupt frae care,
The fools are set free,
Then we mak' them all lairds
Of the Abbey, you see."

The crowd then, quite wild with admiration at her beauty and spirit, shouted wildly for "Stair's bonny lassie;" until Lady Betty, redder than the rose, flew back into the courtyard and up the stairs to her own room. The people then dispersed, well pleased with their evening's entertainment, and guying the bailiffs, who went away sheepishly enough, followed by the multitude, hooting and "heckling" them.

Next day the town rang with de Bourmont's adventure and Lady Betty Stair's share in it. It was rather embarrassing for de Bourmont, but Counsellor Mackenzie, hearing of it, came to the palace and, after ha-ha-ing over it plentifully with de Bourmont, cried:

"Now, let me see the bills of those rascally tradesmen, who know not how to treat a stranger and a gentleman that has fallen upon evil days."

De Bourmont produced his bills, which the counsellor examined. Every now and then a great roar of anger would burst from him, and finally he rose, shouting: "Thieves! cutthroats! highwaymen they are! You have been most cruelly swindled, Monsieur de Bourmont, and I will make these villains abate their overcharges; and I ask the honor of advancing you the money to pay what you owe, and you may return it when you like."

"Sir," replied de Bourmont, "I have spent my lifetime with kings and princes, but never saw I a more royal heart and soul than yours. And I accept of your generosity as gladly as you offer it."

The next day the counsellor returned with a batch of receipted bills.

"And I can tell you who was at the bottom of that chase along the Cowgate. 'Twas your precious friend Bastien, who told abroad that you were about leaving secretly for France."

"The devil!" cried de Bourmont.

He went in hot haste to the ante-room

of the gentlemen-in-waiting, and there sat Bastien at a table, playing patience, while two gentlemen of the suite lounged in a window. De Bourmont went up to Bastien and watched him silently while he worked out his game. Then he said:

"Lend me the cards, Monsieur Bastien. I know a trick worth two of that you are doing."

Bastien handed him the cards, and de Bourmont, collecting them carefully together, promptly dashed them full in Bastien's face. "That is for talking with my tradesmen," he cried.

Of course, next morning, they went out at sunrise to a quiet place near Arthur's Seat, and lunged at each other for the best part of an hour. De Bourmont escaped with a scratch or two, but Bastien came in for a smart rip in his arm and—worse luck—for a slight cut across his unfortunate nose, after which the whole party went back to town for breakfast.

De Bourmont had meant to keep it all from Lady Betty, but she got it all out of him before twenty-four hours. She was full of contempt, saying:

"For you to fight Bastien! You ought to have seen him, that morning seven years ago, at Versailles;" and then with blushes and sighs and smiles and lamentings over her own unruly temper, she told him the history of her assault on Bastien's nose. De Bourmont laughed until he cried—and then, looking at Lady Betty, saw her speaking eyes watching him so gravely—nay, tenderly—that he suddenly stopped laughing and, seizing her hand, cried:

"Ah, Mademoiselle, nothing but my duty to my country could drag me away from this, or any other place, were it the dreariest on earth, so long as you are there."

Now, Lady Betty was rash, very rash, and, having decided in her own mind that Bastien had long since forgotten that little encounter with her green fan, it suited her to say to him, when she met him alone soon afterward in the corridor:

"La! what has happened to your poor nose?"

It was only a little thing, but it was one of a long list that he had against her, and he hated de Bourmont, and saw in an instant that Lady Betty knew what

had happened. And an evil thought came into his mind and straightway left his lips.

"Lady Betty Stair," he said, "I think that you and the gentleman who gave me this scratch think to be something more than friends; but you never can." Lady Betty turned pale with rage at Bastien's impertinence, and, for once, her nimble tongue and ready wit failed her. Bastien followed up his advantage.

"Do you want to know why? Because your brother's blood is on de Bourmont's hands. Your lover, Mademoiselle, killed your brother."

At this, Lady Betty stepped up quite close to Bastien and looking him full in the eye, said quietly:

"I do not believe you, Monsieur Bastien."

Bastien shrugged his shoulders.

"Do you not remember, Mademoiselle, the very first night you came to this place, while we were at supper in de Bourmont's room, he said: 'I was the Abbé de Ronceray's first penitent—and I made him a confession that kept him awake, I can tell you!'"

Yes, Lady Betty remembered it perfectly—but she would not acknowledge it to Bastien—she merely turned to go, with a look of ineffable contempt at him. Bastien, however, placed himself in her way so that she could not pass, and continued speaking:

"The Abbé de Ronceray's first penitent was a murderer—and the murderer, as you would call it, of Angus Macdonald. You are sharp of wit, Lady Betty; you can find out all about this from the Abbé de Ronceray, without his suspecting what you are trying to learn. Trust a woman to ferret out what a man has no mind to tell her!"

"Monsieur Bastien," said Lady Betty, in the same quiet voice in which she had first spoken, "you have offered me several affronts during the last few minutes—but the last is the greatest—as if I could be induced to act like you in the smallest matter in the world. I shall lay the matter before their royal highnesses, and you will excuse me for declining your acquaintance hereafter"—and Lady Betty walked off majestically.

This threat frightened Bastien. Being a trickster himself, he did not understand the directness of a straightforward nature,

and could not persuade himself that Lady Betty would do so daring a thing as to appeal to the poor royalties they both served—still, he was undeniably nervous about it. As for Lady Betty, she was in such a storm of rage that she scarcely knew what she felt—but after the first palpitations of wrath, she hit upon one thing which completely reassured her. De Bourmont knew she was Angus Macdonald's sister—and would he, knowing there was a bloody grave between them, offer her his love? Never!

But it is one thing to feel sure, and another thing to be certain. She wished and longed, with an extreme yearning, that she could hear some one deny the story. Of course, she would not condescend to take Bastien's advice and ask the Abbé de Ronceray—and she thought it a sharp trick of Bastien's to suggest that she should do this, very well knowing she would not. At all events, she would put it out of her mind and never think of it again. Of that much she was certain.

But, of course, she did not. She thought of it all that day. The thought walked by her side, and whispered in her ear, and laid down with her, and rose with her. Nevertheless, she did not once lose her courage—and resolving to show Bastien how little of a coward she was, that night she dressed her lovely form in the only splendid gown she had—something white and shimmering—and with her fair neck bare, and her eyes brilliant and restless, she looked so handsome in her glass that she was thrilled from head to foot with gratified vanity.

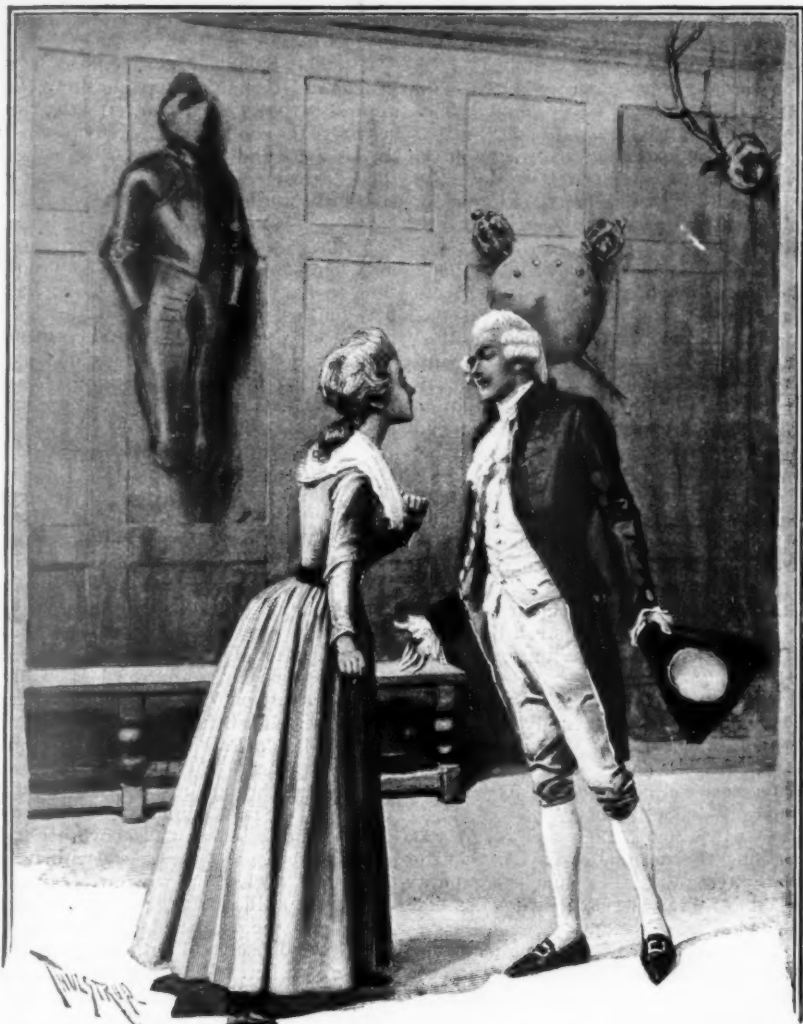
As she came daintily stepping down the stair, by the light of two candles in the lobby, she found de Bourmont waiting at the foot.

"Dear lady," he said, "this is the night I go. The ship waits at Leith for the tide, and at midnight I take post to join her. And will you, as you promised, read the letter I shall leave for you?"

Lady Betty, blushing and trembling, made him a low curtsy, saying in a low voice:

"With pleasure."

"And will you not kindly look out of your window on the courtyard at twelve o'clock when I will be leaving? And if I see a light there 'twill be an illumination to my soul until we meet again."



Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.

"I DO NOT BELIEVE YOU, MONSIEUR BASTIEN."

"Until we meet again," whispered Lady Betty. At that moment there was the faint cry of a nightbird outside, under the eaves—so faint that only sharp ears could have heard it at all. Lady Betty, who was as full of superstition as a whole clan of Highlanders might be, turned a little pale.

"Hear that"—she said—"it is a bad omen, I am afraid. You know, there never

was any fortunate love in this old palace; there seems to be a blight upon it."

At which de Bourmont, respectfully taking her hand, for it was in a ceremonious age, answered smiling, "Well, I have a presentiment—a presentiment that I shall one day have the bliss of looking into those dear eyes again."

They were getting on quite fast in the Scotch fashion of courtship, when a tall

figure in a cassock loomed before them, and the Abbé de Ronceray's voice called out peremptorily:

"Marie—Pierre—loitering here at this time of night? Oh, I beg you ten thousand pardons, Mademoiselle, and you, too, Monsieur de Bourmont. My eyesight is so bad—I took you at first for Marie, the maid, who is always being followed by my footboy, Pierre—the rascal is in love with her—"

The Abbé looked around blandly—Lady Betty was blushing, and de Bourmont was laughing—it was too bad! Lady Betty, turning her back on de Bourmont, walked on toward the salon and passed through the broad folding doors and the Abbé followed her. It was early yet—not quite nine o'clock—when the royalties entered the salon after dinner. No one was there but themselves.

"I am afraid I was a little awkward just now," began the Abbé, good-humoredly. "I have spent so much more of my life in camps than in courts, that I cannot altogether learn the soft ways of people about a court. Sometimes I scold Pierre so loudly that I disturb the slumbers of their royal highnesses themselves."

Here was a chance to ask a question or two—after having solemnly sworn she would not.

"Your first duties as a priest must have seemed strange—confessions, for example, Monsieur l'Abbé."

"Very strange, they seemed. I was ordained the morning of the day that the mob entered Versailles—and before night, I had heard my first penitent confess that he had killed a man."

Lady Betty knew well enough how the secrets of the confessional were guarded, but in spite of herself, she burst out, leaning toward the Abbé:

"And he killed Angus Macdonald of the Scottish Guard!"

The Abbé de Ronceray, although soldier, courtier and priest in one, was thoroughly disconcerted. He turned pale and then red. His lips opened to speak, but no word came forth. A duller mind than Lady Betty's must have seen that she had hit the white.

"It is not worth while for you to try and deceive me," cried Lady Betty, with tears pouring down her pale face, "I

know—I know it all—Angus Macdonald was my brother—my only brother!"

The abbé, much agitated, sank back in his chair. It is a very terrible thing for a priest to reveal, even inadvertently, the secrets of the confessional. He is pledged to die first—and many have died rather than reveal confessions. He was a straightforward man, accustomed to a soldierly plainness of speech. He knew not what to say, and could not restrain a slight groan—and this was the confirmation of Lady Betty's fears. They had been quite alone until then, but the folding doors opened and several persons came in. Seeing the abbé and Lady Betty sitting in silence at the other end of the room and plainly deeply moved, no one approached them. Lady Betty, rising quickly, said to him, in a broken voice:

"You did not mean to tell—it was one of those dreadful coincidences that no one can guard against. But for me—it breaks my heart! it breaks my heart!" and without another word, she slipped away so quickly and noiselessly that she might have been one of the ghosts in that ghostly palace.

It was some hours afterward that Lady Betty, coming out of a dream, as it were, found herself sitting on the steps of Queen Mary's Bathhouse, at a distance from the palace. The night was raw and damp, and through a gloomy haze she could see the faint glimmer of lights below her, in the town, and above her the great somber pile of the palace, with, here and there, a gleaming window. All was strangely still, and the only distinct sound was the regular step of the sentry as he paced back and forth on the pathway above her. She wondered dully to herself how she managed to elude him, for her present place was beyond the confines of the palace proper—and how long had she been sitting in that dismal place? She remembered having on a white gown, which must have been visible even in the dusk of night. But to her surprise, as she came slowly out of the maze of pain and wonder, she realized that she was wrapped in her plaid, although her head was bare and she still had on her white satin slippers. She drew the plaid around her and covered where she sat, in the gloom, leaning her head against

one of the stone pillars. The palace clock tolled out eleven. De Bourmont was to leave at twelve. He would wait as long as he could in the courtyard, hoping to see a light in her window. At that very moment he was searching for her, to give her the letter she had promised to take. And all the time he had known that Angus Macdonald was her brother! She could recall a dozen times that she had spoken of him, and de Bourmont's face had been so tenderly sympathetic—he had seemed to feel so deeply for this terrible tragedy of her early life; and he knew, he knew so much more than she could tell him. As this thought struck her she uttered a half-articulate cry of anguish, that broke off suddenly. The sentry alone paused in his walk, listened and looked about, then, perfect silence succeeding, resumed his steady tramp. No other sound broke the quiet of the night.

At twelve o'clock the guard would be relieved, and, a few minutes before, a dark figure crossed the sentry's beat. The man cried "Halt!" and, advancing at a run, seized hold of Lady Betty Stair, who turned on him a face so white and desperate that he almost dropped his musket. He recognized her in a moment, and anything more awkward for him never happened. Was he to take Lady Betty Stair to the guard-house? He began some blundering questions, holding on to her at the time, and she, looking into his eyes quietly, and remaining quite mute, as if she did not quite understand what he was saying, suddenly dropped the plaid, melting, as it were, out of the man's grasp, and ran quickly and noiselessly toward the palace. The sentry was immensely relieved. He picked the plaid up and determined to make a clean breast of it to his officer. But he could not get over the uncanny look on Lady Betty's face.

"Poor soul!" he said to himself, over and over again. "Poor soul! she had the look and the walk of a ghost—and of a tormented ghost, at that."

And at that moment de Bourmont, with a sore heart, was on his way toward Leith, to embark for France. For there had been no light in Lady Betty's window, and there was no letter of his in her hand.

IV.

It was more than a year after this that one sunny August day, the Abbé de Ronceray alighted from the diligence as it stopped before the great stone gate of a white-walled convent in Provence. The air was soft, as Provence air is—and the sky was of a deep, deep blue, against which the masses of purplish woods showed darkly. The road was white and clean, and over everything grew roses of a rich red and a richer white and the palest pink—all rioting in the beauty of the summer time.

The abbé had aged a little in that year, but his eyes were as kind as ever, and his carriage as soldierlike. He walked slowly down the avenue lined with tall Lombardy poplars, standing in ranks, like soldiers, toward the low, rambling convent building. There was a sweet stillness over everything—that peculiar quiet and absence of alarms which characterizes places from which the tumultuous world is excluded. The abbé's thoughts were decidedly optimistic. The country had quieted down, under the rule of the Corsican, and the abbé had no doubt, like all the rest of the Bourbon followers, that, after Napoleon's day, France would again call for her rightful king, and he pleased himself mightily with the notion. Meanwhile, it was pleasanter living in France even under the Corsican's rule, than anywhere on earth—for exile is hard upon your true Frenchman. He had served his term of duty with the Comte d'Artois, and had been heartily glad when he was excused from further attendance for a time, at least, and some other patient abbé had taken his place.

As he neared the open door in the middle of the sunny, whitewashed convent walls, he began to be a little eager respecting the person he was to see.

"Who would have thought Lady Betty Stair would ever be a religious! She seemed born to be of a court—her little feet seemed made for white satin slippers only, and dancing was more natural to her than walking. Ah, those Highland dances she used to do so like a sprite—and de Bourmont—"

The abbé shook his head and sighed. That chance word he let fall that night

at Holyrood lay heavy on his conscience. He had made a long journey to confess it, and when told he had committed no sin, only an unfortunate inadvertence, his conscience was not altogether eased. For many years he had harbored no suspicion of the identity of the man who came to him that October evening in 1789, and in darkness and in whispers confessed having run Angus Macdonald through the body, when called to account for some slight to the Scotchman's young sister. Of late, though, he was haunted by the thought that it was Bastien. Lady Betty Stair evidently knew who it was—but her cry—"My heart is broken!" seemed grotesquely out of place concerning Bastien, whom she notoriously hated. Being well skilled in the human heart, the abbé had seen how things were in the old days between de Bourmont and Lady Betty Stair—but, like everybody else, he was astounded when Lady Betty quietly left Holyrood, a few days after de Bourmont's departure, and the next heard of her, she had entered the novitiate of the Sisters of Mercy. Scarcely less of a change had come over de Bourmont—he, once the most careless, debonair young spirit in the world—now, a silent, serious determined soldier, without a hope or an aspiration beyond his duty. It was all very puzzling and the abbé had not cleared it up when he pulled the convent bell and heard it clang through the building in the quiet of the August afternoon. The abbé, bowing low to the portress, asked to see the superior, and was shown into the convent parlor to await her. It was so calm, so peaceful—and there were so many roses! They even climbed through the window, and their laughing faces peered over the stone sill. Presently, the superior entered and she and the abbé, having known each other long before the troubles, were delighted to meet once more; and to show her appreciation of the honor of the visit she took him into the convent garden, where a lay sister served seed cake and mulberry wine to him. The abbé crumbled his cake, and made an heroic effort to drink the wine—but it was too much for his politeness and his charity combined. However, the superior, intent on hearing of all their mutual friends, did not remark this. After a while, the abbé said:

"I desire, after paying my respects to you, dear mother, to see Sister Claire, who is also an old friend of mine, despite the difference in our ages. She was in attendance upon their royal highnesses at Holyrood, and she was then Lady Betty Stair."

"Ah, Sister Claire! Well, Monsieur l'Abbé, I can only say that the more of those fine ladies who come to us, the better. They have already served so hard an apprenticeship to the rule of the world, that ours seems simple enough to them. They find the hardest life of a religious easy by comparison with what society exacted of them. They always turn out our bravest sisters—they fear nothing."

The abbé nodded his head with pleased approval at this.

"True, very true. It was not of the world that it was said, 'For My yoke is easy, and My burden is light.'"

"And Sister Claire is no exception to the rest. She is so courageous—ready to do anything, to go anywhere—depend upon it, Monsieur l'Abbé, there is something in blood, after all."

The mother superior said this as if it were a highly original remark—and the abbé smiled—he felt sure whatever Lady Betty Stair professed to be, she was that with all her heart. And in a little while, the mother superior arose, to send Sister Claire to him—and presently he heard a quick, light step, tripping down the flagged walk under the lilac trees behind him. It gave him a weird sensation; he felt as if he were in the long gallery at Holyrood, and Lady Betty Stair was tripping toward him, in little high-heeled red slippers, and she would appear before him in a moment, in a gay little white gown, and make him a low curtsy as in the old days—and he did not come out of his day dream until he saw Sister Claire standing close by him, her face framed in the white cornet, and her graceful figure not wholly concealed by the habit of the Sisters of Mercy.

The abbé's first idea was, that Lady Betty had grown taller and more beautiful than he could ever have dreamed. In place of her charming prettiness was a lofty and touching beauty. Her old spirit was not gone—there was the same gleam in her eyes, the same color in her cheeks, but glorified by the dignity of self-sacri-

fice. She was so glad to see the abbé that she squeezed his hand tightly in her two small palms; and then sat down by him on the bench. Both of them were a little shaken, and a diamond drop or two hung upon Sister Claire's lashes.

"How kind you were to come!" she cried—and the abbé noticed, even in her voice, the magic change. It had always been sweet, but now it was thrilling. And he felt sure, in one minute, that whatever might have been the storms through which she had passed, now, at least, she was at peace.

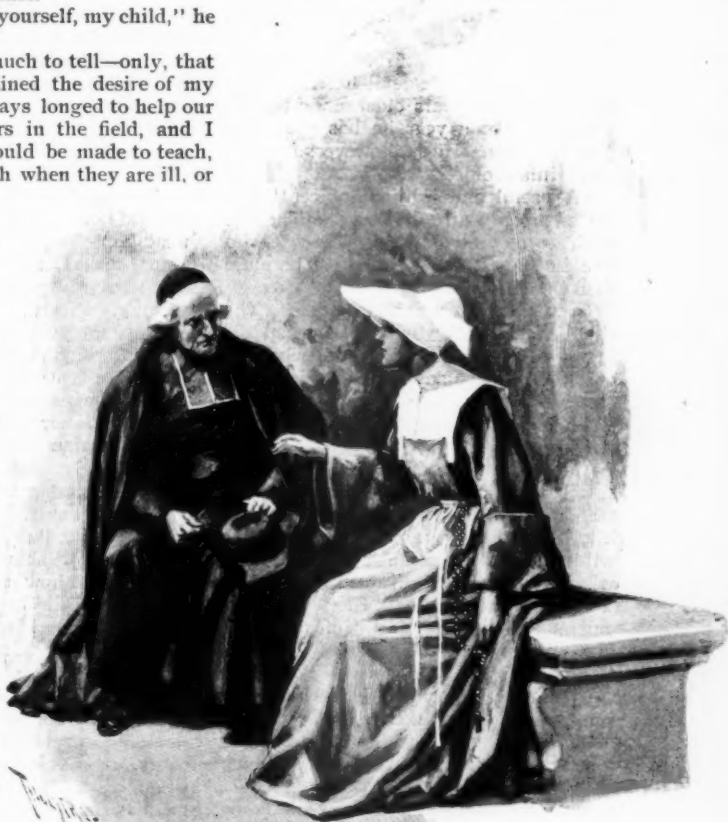
"Tell me about yourself, my child," he asked.

"There is not much to tell—only, that I have to-day obtained the desire of my heart. I have always longed to help our dear, brave soldiers in the field, and I was so afraid I would be made to teach, or to nurse the rich when they are ill, or something really hard. But to-day it is settled—I am to be with an ambulance—not in charge—for I have no experience yet—but I am to do what I have longed to do. I think my fighting blood must make me yearn to help our poor soldiers—and God has been so good to me in letting me do it."

"I congratulate you, my child. Nothing is nobler or more useful. You will perhaps find many old acquaintances among the officers, who will be of help to you."

"I shall make them all help me," she cried, nodding her head very much as of old, while the white lappets

rustled in the faint breeze. Then she began to ask after the royal highnesses both of them had served, and after many other persons they both knew. She could give him news of Madame Mirabel, who was well and happy in being still allowed to follow exiled royalty; and Monsieur Bastien, she said, smiling, had married the widow of a rich contractor. The abbé's tongue was well under control, but his countenance remained expressive. Something in his look told Sister Claire that the subject of Bastien was unpleasant—



Drawn by
T. de Thulstrup.

"TELL HIM SO, I BEG OF YOU."

and then she asked, quite calmly and naturally: "And Monsieur de Bourmont, what has become of him?"

The abbé started a little, but, seeing her quite composed, though a little pale, answered her in the most matter-of-fact way imaginable.

"A major of artillery. He frankly avowed his royalist principles to General Bonaparte, who assured him it should not stand in the way of his promotion, and it has not. But you would scarcely know him now, he is so changed."

"How, Monsieur l'Abbé?" asked Sister Claire, turning still paler, but not losing her calmness.

"Grave, quiet, taciturn. You remember what a gay dare-devil he was once? He looks many years older, and in a little more than a year he has grown as gray as I am. He is, however, a useful and brilliant officer."

"A useful and brilliant officer!" repeated Sister Claire, dreamily. "Then he ought to be content. None of those who live in the world can hope to be more than that."

Then there was a little pause. The abbé felt a slight awkwardness in speaking of de Bourmont before her who had once been the Lady Betty Stair. And then, a new courage leaped into Sister Claire's glowing eyes, and she said, after a moment:

"Monsieur l'Abbé, I wish to tell you something about Monsieur de Bourmont, which you may at some time convey to him, and it may give him comfort. You will understand that I ask you to regard what I tell you as a sacred confidence. You remember, no doubt, the terrible circumstances of the death of my only brother, Angus Macdonald, of the Scottish Guard?"

"Quite well, my child. It was well impressed upon my memory."

Sister Claire, for the first time, faltered a little, and when she resumed, her voice was tremulous.

"I never associated Monsieur de Bourmont with that tragedy of my youth until—until just before I left Holyrood Palace. But I found out—quite by accident—one of those terrible accidents of life—that—that—Monsieur de Bourmont killed my brother." Sister Claire stopped, sighed, and passed her hand over her pale face.

"But Monsieur de Bourmont did not kill your brother," replied the abbé, quietly.

Sister Claire shook her head, and said, in a tone of piercing sadness:

"Ah, Monsieur l'Abbé, you have forgotten. It was from you yourself I heard the words, 'My first penitent was a murderer'—and the first time I ever saw Monsieur de Bourmont at Holyrood, he said: 'I was the Abbé de Ronceray's first penitent.'"

"He was wrong. He was not my first penitent; he was my second. I was locked up alone in the room with the murderer when Monsieur de Bourmont arrived—and the confession was made me by that miserable man before Monsieur de Bourmont came near me. He, too, went to confession for the first time in many years, and I recall he said, at the time, that he was my first penitent—I had been his superior officer, you may remember—and I did not contradict him; but it was a mistake."

There was a long pause after this, and the abbé carefully avoided looking at Sister Claire. Presently he continued:

"I was not present when he made the assertion which so misled you, else I would have contradicted him then."

A still longer pause followed, and the abbé heard Sister Claire say to herself:

"Bastien was the man who killed my brother."

The old priest seemed not to hear Sister Claire's words. He only said, in a mildly vexed tone:

"How well should one guard the tongue! And how unguarded was mine! I think the Evil One must have been at my elbow when I made that indiscreet remark. Forget it, my child."

He still kindly looked away from Sister Claire, and began to speak of resignation under sorrows, and those other commonplaces which wait upon human misery. His voice sounded far away to Sister Claire. It seemed to come from a great distance—beyond the convent wall, with its wealth of roses; beyond the fields and the vineyards, where the shadows lay long in the declining sun. After a long, long while, some faint words escaped her. She tried to speak calmly, but her words were half-sobbed out:

"I am glad—more glad than I can say

—that Monsieur de Bourmont is not, as I thought, guilty of my brother's blood. But I think it is right he should know the mistake—the cruel mistake I was under. Tell him so, I beg of you; and tell him also that I ask his pardon for ever suspecting him of such a thing."

"I will see him and repeat to him every word you ask me," replied the abbé.

Then, they both rose, and involuntarily walked down the flagged path toward the door. Sister Claire was struggling with her agitation, but she was conquering it. Presently she spoke again.

"When I left Holyrood — suddenly, Monsieur l'Abbé, you may remember—I wrote a few lines of farewell to Monsieur de Bourmont. I did not tell him why I left—he does not know to this day."

The old abbé knew well enough what her incoherent words meant; he supplied the meaning without the least trouble. When, at last, he felt it was safe to look at Sister Claire, he began to believe that, after all, nothing could be better than what was. De Bourmont had done heroic things, and Sister Claire would do things equally heroic.

"Remember, my child," he said, "the believer who puts his hand to the plow—"

"Let him not look back," continued Sister Claire, in a thrilling voice. "Much better—much better to go on. Say to Monsieur de Bourmont that I hope he will be happy; and I shall not be—unhappy."

"No; you will not be unhappy," replied the abbé. He was exalted enough to see that Sister Claire had before her a great and useful life—and such people are to be envied, not pitied. They stood together at the convent door with clasped hands. It was a solemn parting, for each felt it was for all time.

"Good-by, my child." You will be happy," were the abbé's parting words. Sister Claire did not speak, but stood at the door watching his tall, thin, but still soldierly figure as it disappeared down the poplar-bordered lane. Purple shadows were falling upon the landscape, and the scent of the roses grew almost painfully sweet. Sister Claire lifted a pale, glorified face toward the opaline sky, where a new moon hung low, like a silver lamp, and her lips moved in prayer. Suddenly a

bell clanged loudly four times behind her. It was her number—she was needed. She turned to go and met the superior face to face.

"You look pale, sister," said the superior, kindly. "These visits from the outside world are sometimes agitating. Have you heard bad news?"

"No, I have not, mother; I have heard very good news," answered Sister Claire. "A person whom I deeply loved, I thought had been guilty of a crime; and I have this day, this hour, found that he is innocent"—and she went upon her task with a face like an angel's.

V.

Some Sisters of Mercy have one vocation—some another. Sister Claire's was for helping the private soldiers, nursing them when they were ill, binding up their hurts when they were wounded, comforting them when they were dying, and even scolding them very effectively when they were in the guard-house. This patrician was never more at home than with Jean Baptiste, who marched away from home with a light knapsack and a heavy heart, and who did not always know enough to keep out of the sergeant's black books. It was the Jean Baptistes whom Sister Claire loved, and she was loved in turn by them. She was very gentle with them when they were ill and suffering—but when drinking and gambling and other wrongdoings came to her notice, who could be more severe than Sister Claire?

"I am ashamed of you, Jean Baptiste," she would say sternly to a vieille moustache, who had gone through a dozen campaigns scathless, only to be floored at last at the wine shop. "You, whom I thought one of the best men in the battalion! What is to become of the conscripts if the older men act like you? I have a great mind to leave the army and go back to teaching young ladies the harp in the convent." Sister Claire had not the remotest idea of doing this, but the awful threat struck fear to the heart of Jean Baptiste. The other sisters were kind—oh, yes—kindness itself—but Sister Claire was the soldier's friend. The officers admired and respected her, and found Sister Claire's influence of substan-

tial benefit in the matter of discipline. But with these men of her own class she was more reserved. She was then more Lady Betty Stair than Sister Claire of the Sisters of Mercy. By that subtle freemasonry among classes, the officers knew they were associating with a person born to rank and position when dealing with her, and she used this feeling very artfully for the benefit of her poor soldiers. This woman, who would wait on sick Jean Baptiste as if she were his servant, would, unconsciously to herself, wear a grand air when face to face with his officer. She would ask a favor with the calm assumption that it must be done for her, very much as in the old days she would desire a cavalier to pick up her fan; and she would accept it with the graceful condescension of a great lady. She always made her requests in person, shrewdly surmising that to say "no" was more difficult than to write "no;" and it became a joke among the officers how completely they stood in awe of this slight, tranquil little Sister of Mercy. She did not cast down her eyes when she spoke to a man as the French sisters did, but looked at them so fully and brightly that the boldest dragoon of them felt like a schoolboy before her.

The rule of the Sisters of Mercy is a strict one; nevertheless, they are very wise women, and if one of their order displays a great and singular aptitude for a thing, she is allowed to follow the path so clearly indicated to her. So it was that Sister Claire never more taught polite accomplishments to young ladies, but worked steadily in her chosen field.

Her first duty almost was with the army in Egypt. She had then an ambulance of her own, and the little canvas-covered wagon was pretty sure to be close up to the line of fire. She went through the whole time of the French occupation of Egypt, including the terrible retreat from Acre, without a scratch or a day's illness—but one of the last shots fired at the retreating French column struck her. The wound was severe, but she never lost consciousness while the surgeons were dressing it. All along the dreary road lay the wounded, begging to be carried along with the army and not be suffered to perish on the desert. And their cries and prayers so affected Sister

Claire, who implored that they might be taken into her wagon, that the surgeon in charge gave her a dose of opium, which put her to sleep at the time and made her very angry afterward.

The Napoleonic wars gave her plenty to do. She followed her dear soldiers to Germany, to Spain, and even to Russia—she, who had seen the sun rise on the day of Austerlitz, also witnessed the passage of the Beresina. And by means which she never understood, but devoutly thanked God for, she succeeded in getting her ambulance across the river on that dreadful day, and saved the ten wounded men of whom she had charge. It was in the days of 1814, though, that she was of the most service. From the battle of Leipsic until the surrender of Paris, there was scarcely a day that she was not under fire. She was wounded three times, but all of her wounds were slight, and she lost little time through them. She was at Waterloo, and after working all night on the field, in the pouring rain, for the first time in her life she fainted away, falling among a heap of dead cuirassiers. When day broke, and the bodies were being removed, she was found there. Groans and sobs of grief went up—when Sister Claire, suddenly sitting up, asked:

"Are the English in retreat?"

Alas! they were not—though soon Sister Claire was, but meanwhile doing all she could for the wounded among the fugitives.

All this time, no hardened veteran stood fire better than Sister Claire. She adopted that cheerful maxim—"Every bullet has its billet"—and went about her business of binding up wounds and staunching blood as calmly under the dropping fire of musketry, or the roar of artillery, as if she were hearing a catechism class in the convent garden.

And how was it with her heart in all those years? She scarcely knew herself. Only that, whenever a sudden wild agony of regret seized her, when she was tempted to rush up the greatest height she could find and throw herself madly from it into the abyss of death, there was always before her some suffering fellow-creature who needed her services at that very moment; whose pain was so great it could not wait, and she must stay and

help that agonized soul and body. She counted among her blessings that, whenever these paroxysms of despair had seized her, there would be the ever-present sufferer; and she came to believe silently, and with a tender and reverent superstition, that, like the saint of old who gave his

coat to a beggar, and that beggar revealed himself presently as the Man of Sorrows, so was she tending Him in the persons of His poor.

She had not failed to follow de Bourmont's career, and knew every step of promotion he gained, and thrilled with



Drawn by
T. de Thulstrup.

"A DRAFFENING REPORT WAS HEARD."

pride at it. As for de Bourmont, from the day he threw his sword into the scale of the emperor, he scarcely had time to think, for fifteen years. In all those years he had been in active service, and it was not until after Waterloo, where he had been severely wounded, that the march of events in his career stopped long enough for him to look backward and forward at his life. In the long days of his convalescence in the country, he began to examine himself and what lay before and behind him. Like the Abbé de Ronceray, he scarcely recognized himself for what he had been fifteen years before. He was over forty, a soldier seasoned in battles, and too old to learn anything else. He had been cruelly disappointed in the first and only deep love of his life, and the memory of Lady Betty Stair was still too dear to him for any other woman to have the mastery of his heart. He had learned from the abbé the whole story of her sudden flight from Holyrood, and, manlike, he could not persuade himself that she could be happy after the sacrifice she had made. He imagined her spending a life of calm seclusion in a convent, and did not suspect that she was almost as much of a soldier as himself; and, like her, he came in time to feel that there was but one life before him—a life of duty. His career in the army had been brilliant up to 1815, but he had been too closely identified with the emperor to enjoy the favor of the Bourbons, whom he had once served. And so, after that, it was somewhat dull and obscure, until the French dream of conquest in Africa was brought to pass, some years after Waterloo.

In those years Sister Claire went about from one barrack hospital to another, for soldiers need tending in peace as well as in war. The years that made de Bourmont more somber and taciturn, made her brighter and calmer. So much brightness and calmness of spirit could not but be reflected in her face, and, being beautiful in the beginning, she seemed to grow more so as time went on. Age passed her by. The activity of her life was such that her figure retained its airy slightness, and she continued to walk with the graceful swiftness with which she had moved through the dismal corridors of Holyrood Palace.

In the twenties, France had constant trouble with Algiers, and Sister Claire was sent out to Africa, at the head of a band of sisters, to nurse the sick. She had a fine hospital, though small, and government aid, and never, in all her religious life, was she so comfortable in certain ways—but never did Sister Claire become so nearly dissatisfied.

"I do not understand civilians very well, dear mother," she wrote to the superior. "I have been used so long to nursing Jean Baptiste, to scolding him, and making him obey the doctor, and take care of his shoes, and even to washing his one shirt for him, that I cannot accustom myself to the dilettante ways of other people, who know as well how to take care of themselves as I do."

One fine morning in 1827, though, a great French fleet was seen off the town of Algiers, and a cannonade began. It cannot be denied that the first batch of wounded sailors brought into Sister Claire's hospital caused her to feel at least twenty years younger; and from that on, she had her beloved soldiers, as well as sailors, to nurse, and was correspondingly happy.

When the first advance in force, of twenty thousand men, was determined on, the French surgeon-general, who was an old acquaintance of Sister Claire's, came to her and said, bluntly:

"You must come with us. You are worth the whole medical staff when it comes to actual fighting in the field."

"Do you think I would have stayed behind?" somewhat indignantly asked Sister Claire.

On a June evening, the French column started for the plateau, where it was well understood that the Algerians meant to give battle. It was a fine sight, and as Sister Claire sat in her little white-covered cart, watching the beautiful precision with which cavalry, infantry and artillery took their place in line, she felt more excited than she had since 1815. As the first division, headed by the artillery, was about to move, a general officer rode out from among the group of officers around the commander-in-chief and took his place at the head of the column. A tremendous cheer greeted him, which he acknowledged by lifting his chapeau and bowing ceremoniously. He was a

long distance away from Sister Claire, but when the fading light fell upon his head, which was quite gray, and his bronzed features, she suddenly caught her breath and turned white. She did not need to ask his name—the thirty years of their separation melted away in one instant of time—it was de Bourmont. Several hours passed before the little ambulance brought up the end of the rear guard. As the wagon jolted over the rough road, sometimes brilliantly illuminated for a moment by the moon, which sailed high in the heavens, and, again, lost in the impenetrable darkness of wood and ravine, Sister Claire sat quite silent. Usually, like an old soldier, she was gay at the prospect of going into battle, but on this June night, under an African sky, she scarcely spoke to her companion, another white-capped sister, who, like herself, placid and silent, awaited the labors of the morrow.

Sister Claire's retrospection was keen, but not unhappy. She knew de Bourmont's reputation in the army well—intrrepid, devoted to his duty, idolized by his men; he might have been happier, he could not have been better. For herself, she had felt from the beginning the peace which follows the putting away of self and the devotion of one's life to those who suffer.

The stars seemed large, and very near to her, as she looked out of the hooded wagon up at the blue-black sky. It was not her first night-march, by any means. She remembered them among the snows of Russia; she recalled the night after Waterloo, and the drenching rain, and all the horrors of that time. Near by was the steady tramp of thousands of feet, and, afar off, the rolling sound of the field guns on the rocky road. The columns climbed upward steadily toward the plateau. It was only a few leagues away; Sister Claire knew they would make it before daylight. Then, she must be ready for work, getting the ambulance in order, so it would be well for her to sleep. She lay down in the bottom of the wagon with her companion, and in five minutes was sleeping peacefully. But she had said, with fervor, the little prayer she made every night for de Bourmont—and she had done this for more than thirty years.

The gray sky of dawn was changing to an all rose and opal tint when the wagon halted, and Sister Claire, with the surgeon-in-chief, surveyed the field with an eye to establishing her ambulance. On one side the torrent Midiffa flowed noisily, while rugged ravines and rocky hills and dales were before the French troops. Already the ferocious tribesmen were seen, hovering in great numbers on the horizon, while the distant roll of wheels over the stony ground showed that the Algerians were provided with artillery.

Sister Claire chose her position with a soldier's eye.

"It is here, I think, Monsieur le Docteur," she said, pointing to a little hollow well up the side of the plateau, but protected from the probable range of fire.

"Our brave 'enfants' will make a stand here; and, you see, there is a fairly good road to a spot lower down, where the wounded may be transported after their wounds are dressed, and be quite safe."

The doctor shrugged his shoulders. "It will be pretty hot, up here," he said.

"Of course," replied Sister Claire, coolly; "but where it is hot, is where we are needed."

"Well, sister," responded the doctor, laughing, "you are an old campaigner, and have been under fire oftener than I have—and for the honor of my profession I will not ask for a safer place."

Scarcely had the bright lances of the June sunrise lit up the plain than thirty thousand Algerians were seen, formed in a long, crescent-shaped line, with the artillery in the middle, advancing. The red-legged French soldiers awaited the order to advance—in high spirits, laughing, singing and indulging in that horse-play which French discipline allows until the actual moment of going into action. They were formed into three divisions, and Sister Claire had no trouble in picking out among the brilliant staff that was assembled under the shade of an ilex grove, the figure of de Bourmont. The French paid no attention to the great bodies of Kabyle horsemen, who, dashing up close to their lines, would fire a volley, then turn and fly. Their fire did little damage, and when they grew bolder, and came nearer, a volley from the French muskets scattered

them. When, however, the Algerian center advanced upon the plateau, then the French went to work in earnest. As the first line of the French moved forward, the infantry on the run, the artillery on the trot, and at the first dash gained a quarter of a mile, Sister Claire turned to the doctor, giving him back his field glass, which she had been using. "We shall have work soon, monsieur," she said, calmly.

And work they had. Outnumbered two to one, the disciplined troops of France had to defend themselves on all sides. The clouds of dust raised by the multitude of Arab horsemen obscured them so that they were upon the French bayonets before they knew it. The Arabs left scarcely any wounded. As long as an Arab breathes, he can sit in his queer, box-like saddle, and the trained horses knew well enough when to turn and gallop back to their own line. The French had established themselves on a ledge of rocks, just rising above the plateau, but they could not remain there—they must retreat or advance. If they advanced, so small was their force, they were in danger of being surrounded and cut to pieces; and if they retreated—but they had no thought of retreat. Sister Claire, in the intervals of her work, saw de Bourmont's figure plainly, when he dismounted and, drawing his sword, headed what the expressive French phrase calls "*les enfants perdus*" as they made a dash for the hill where the Algerian guns thundered. She did not stop for one moment from dressing the hideous wound of a *vieille moustache*, who had groaned and shrieked horribly until he recognized Sister Claire—but she kept on praying while she was talking.

"Come, now," said she, "it is very bad indeed—but you will get well. I've seen worse ones than this. Did we not make the passage of the Beresina together?"

"True, sister," answered the poor creature, "and the pain is not so bad after all."

And meanwhile, on the abrupt slope of the hill, the Algerian guns were thundering, and the masses of French infantry, each regiment led by its colonel, were moving steadily toward the circle of guns, from which the red death poured in sheets of flame and smoke, making the

June morning dark. And every step they advanced, they left behind them men writhing on the stony ground.

"We must go farther on," cried Sister Claire, suddenly; "we cannot get those wounded men here—we must go to them. You stay here, sister," she said to her companion. "Come, doctor; come, Pierre and Auguste, let us go"—and seizing a basket of lint and bandages, she started briskly up the hill, quickly followed by the doctor and two or three bearers—and then the men began to bring the wounded to her, and soon she and the doctor were surrounded by a circle of bleeding creatures. Never was she more active or more helpful, but in the fearful struggle going on before her eyes, scarcely half a mile's distance, she could see, at intervals, de Bourmont's martial figure on foot, and always heading the line. They had reached the Algerian batteries now and there was hand-to-hand fighting, the Algerians being bayoneted at their guns, while another column of red legs moved steadily up the incline to support de Bourmont's column.

In the midst of it all, the sharp screech of a shell was heard above the spot where the doctor and Sister Claire worked side by side among a crowd of wounded men, and the next moment it dropped among them. The doctors, the bearers, and even the sufferers themselves were paralyzed—for the fuse was still burning. Not so Sister Claire. She quickly picked up the shell and ran with the activity of a girl of twenty down the hillside. A cheer broke from the doctor and the bearers, and even the poor wounded men joined faintly in the cry. Sister Claire had gone nearly a hundred yards, when she laid the shell down carefully and turned to run back. She was just half a minute too late. A deafening report was heard and she was seen to fall to the ground, bleeding from a dozen wounds—and at the same moment a shout went up from thousands of throats as de Bourmont, mounting his horse, dashed forward in pursuit of the flying Algerians.

* * * *

The hospital of the Sisters of Mercy at Algiers was a pleasant place—and when, many days after this, Sister Claire awoke

to consciousness there was rejoicing, not only in the hospital, but among the soldiers, too. Every day the gate had been besieged by men coming to inquire after her, and when at last it was known that she would recover, the joy of the Jean Baptistes was touching. Many officers had sent to ask after her—but they did not cry, as the soldiers did, when told at first that she could not get well, and laugh some days after, when told that she could.

Many months passed on. The French were everywhere victorious, and by October, the rainy season beginning, all of the troops were recalled to the neighborhood of the city of Algiers.

By that time Sister Claire was quite well, and apparently her terrible experience had done her no harm at all. She was deeply interested in the results of the campaign and heard with delight of the rescue of Christian captives, and the chances that the nation of corsairs was likely to be no more a scourge to civilization. She also knew that the general in command had gone back to France on sick leave, and General de Bourmont was temporarily in command. And one morning, sitting in the garden and looking toward the glorious Bay of Algiers, she saw a smart French frigate drop her anchor, and one of the convalescent officers said to her:

"That is 'La Minerve' She brings out the decorations for the campaign. General de Bourmont is sure to be made lieutenant-general."

A day or two after that, one morning, the superior came to Sister Claire's room—for she was a guest of her own order then—and said, smiling proudly:

"What think you, sister? We are especially invited to attend at the distribution of decorations to-morrow morning. Here is a letter from General de Bourmont—and he particularly wishes you to be present, he says, on account of your services to the army. But the rest of us are not forgotten either, and the general speaks in the kindest manner of what little we have been able to do for our poor soldiers."

The superior did not offer to show Sister Claire the letter from General de Bourmont, and Sister Claire did not ask to see it—but, like the superior, she glowed with

natural pride at the compliment paid their order.

All that day the sisters were in a flutter; and among themselves, when Sister Claire was not present, they said: "How glorious! how honorable to our order! We must give especial thanks to the Blessed Lady for this."

Sister Claire, however, was purposely kept in the dark, and the next morning she was the least excited of the party of twenty sisters who took their way, two and two, toward the great plain on the south of the city.

Never was the scene more beautiful. The rains had begun, and in a few days the face of the earth had become green with the most luxuriant foliage. The ships in the little harbor were dressed in honor of the occasion, and the French frigate, anchored in the bay, was covered with flags. On the great plain were found ten thousand men, on three sides of a square. The fourth side was left open, and facing it was General de Bourmont and a splendid staff. Upon the surrounding heights were great multitudes of people—French, Arabs, Jews, Turks, all watching the scene. A blare of military music smote the morning air, as all the bands in the French army crashed out.

Sister Claire's heart beat—yes, de Bourmont was to have the reward of valor—it was just. And he had that other reward—the esteem and love which waits upon a commander who loves his men like his children.

Sister Claire had supposed that they would simply be given good positions where they could see the ceremonies of the day, and was rather surprised when the superior, with whom she was walking, moved directly toward the opening in the hollow square—and she was still more surprised when a young aide dashed up, and dismounting, respectfully led the little band of white-capped nuns to a position very near the staff. And, strangely enough, she began to be agitated, and to feel as if some crisis in her life were at hand. General de Bourmont would probably come up after the ceremonies were over and speak to them—and would he recognize her? And then the bands stopped suddenly, and Sister Claire, looking up, heard the young officer who had escorted them saying, with a smile:

"Sister, I believe it is your turn first to be decorated."

Sister Claire looked at him in dumb amazement, and then looked toward the superior.

"It is true, sister," said the superior, who was also smiling, but whose eyes were moist. "You are to be decorated. We knew some time ago that you had been recommended, and your decoration arrived yesterday, and we have arranged this as a glorious surprise to you."

Sister Claire's face grew a rosy red. She hesitated a moment, but the aide, bowing low, and pointing to the waiting group of officers, where a number of soldiers of all ages who were to be decorated were assembled near them, she advanced with him toward the commander-in-chief. It was some distance across the sand, glowing with the morning sun, and the fierceness of the glare and the emotion that she feared showed in her usually calm face, kept her eyes to the ground. But when she reached the general and his staff, and had paused, a voice rang out that thrilled her to the soul. It was that of General de Bourmont, as he said:

"Sister Claire!"

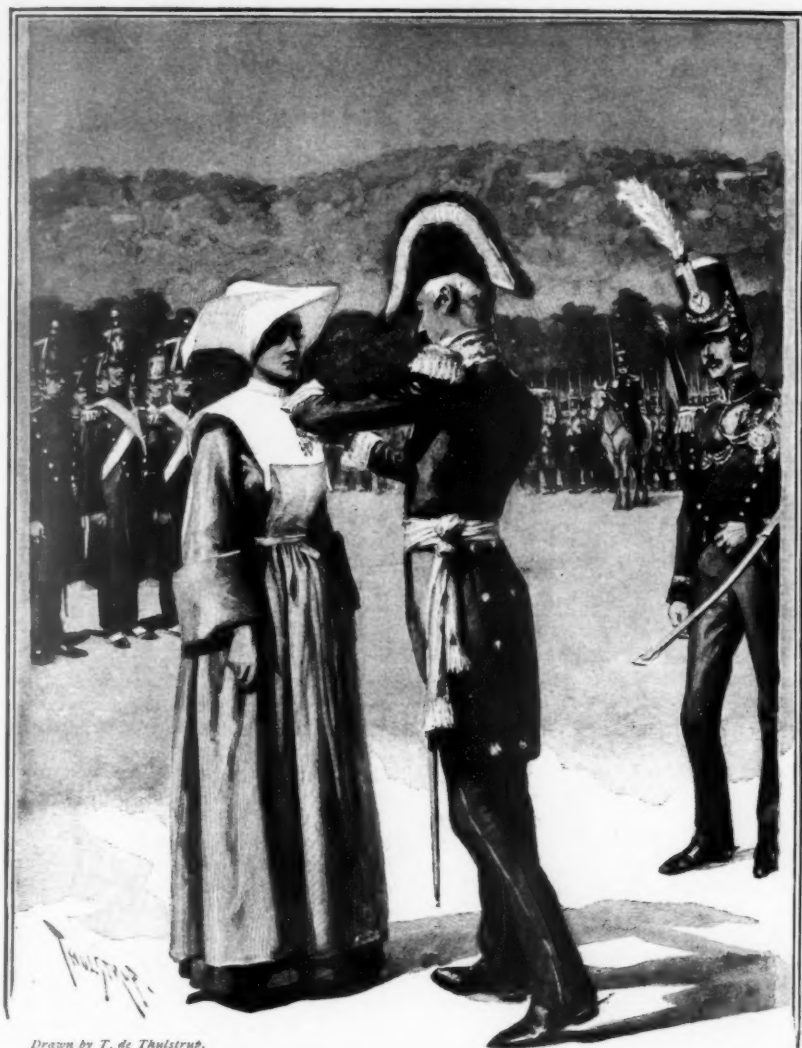
At that she raised her eyes, and her gaze met de Bourmont's. For some moments each forgot everything in the world except the other. They forgot the stretch of more than thirty years since last they had looked into each other's eyes. They forgot the waiting thousands of troops, the vast multitude of spectators. The white sand and fierce sun of Algiers melted into the gloomy old palace of Holyrood. They were once more de Bourmont and Lady Betty Stair. As they stood thus, each reading the other's soul through the eyes, some keen inner sympathy told them that, however much their hearts had suffered, their souls had thriven on that nobler life that each had led. And as they felt clearly and more clearly every moment, that in those years of self-sacrifice, and of that agony of separation, their newer and better selves had been born and lived and suffered, so did the dazzling happiness of the life they might have lived together reveal itself in all its splendid beauty. Those moments of solemn exaltation seemed like an age to Sister Claire and de Bourmont; but, in truth, it was only long enough to

make the gorgeous group of waiting officers wonder at de Bourmont's strange silence, and when he spoke, his voice was not altogether calm.

"When scarcely more than twenty years of age, you followed our soldiers to Egypt and faithfully tended them. You were severely wounded in the retreat from Acre. You followed the French army to Spain, to Germany and even to Russia. Your courage in saving ten wounded men at the passage of the Beresina is remembered. You were in every battle from the frontier to the gates of Paris, in 1814, and were three times wounded. At Waterloo you were carried off the field for dead among the corpses of a number of cuirassiers. For three years you have labored in Algiers, and at the battle of Staoueli, when a shell with a burning fuse fell near your ambulance, endangering the lives of your wounded, you picked it up and carried it more than eighty yards before it exploded, wounding you terribly. But your life was preserved in all these dangers, and you have been spared to the soldiers who love you so well. His majesty, knowing of your devotion to our army, has placed your name at the head of those who are to be rewarded to-day. And, by his command, I present you with the cross for tried bravery. None has deserved it more than you."

At the first sound of his voice both of them came back out of that shadowy world in which their other selves had met face to face. De Bourmont's voice grew stronger as he continued speaking; and he fixed his eyes upon her angelic face, shining under her large, white cornet. She noticed that he was gray and very grave. She knew, then, as well as if a thousand tongues had told her, that, from the day of their parting, the gay, the careless, the dashing de Bourmont had ceased to exist, and in his place was this earnest and devoted soldier, who lived for his country and was ready to die for it. She became conscious by degrees of the scene around her—the African sun blazing upon the white sand, the imposing sight of many thousands of veterans assembled to see valor rewarded. And then, de Bourmont's hand pinned a splendid decoration upon her breast.

Ten thousand men presented arms to this brave woman; the officers, led by



Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.

"PINNED A SPLENDID DECORATION UPON HER BREAST."

General de Bourmont, saluted with their swords; the multitude burst into thunders of cheers; the bands rang out a patriotic air—and Sister Claire stood, with downcast head and tears dropping upon the coarse habit she wore. After a moment she looked up into de Bourmont's eyes. Each understood the other. The love of the young soldier and the Lady

Betty Stair had lasted through more than thirty years, and in that time it had become so purified and ennobled that it was not unworthy of the angels themselves. In de Bourmont's face might yet be seen a haunting disappointment, but in his heart he could not, as a lover of his fellow-man, believe that Sister Claire's life might have been happier.

Late that afternoon, Sister Claire, who had been busy writing in her cell at the gray old convent, went into the garden to look for the superior. The garden, with its olive groves and clumps of fig trees, was very cool and sweet after the heat of the day. The superior and two or three of the sisters were walking up and down a shaded alley; they were still talking about the glories of that day for one of their order.

"I came to show you, mother, a letter I have written to General de Bourmont," said Sister Claire. "We knew each other in our youth, and it was thought at one time that he was responsible for the death of my only brother. Afterward it was proved that he was not, and I took pains to have him informed of it. Here is the letter I have written him:"

"GENERAL DE BOURMONT:—I desire to express to his majesty, and to yourself personally, my heartfelt thanks for the very great honor conferred upon me. I only did my duty, as many others have done, and I felt rewarded in the thought that I did it for God and my fellow-creatures; but this other reward is not the less dear to me. For yourself, General de Bourmont, accept my thanks and good wishes. I have always remembered your goodness to me, of many years ago, and I shall continue to do so and to pray for you to the last hour of my life.

"SISTER CLAIRE."

"A very proper letter," said the mother superior, who was full of pride in the great doings of the day; "and I will send it off immediately."

Two hours afterward, when the sisters had had their supper in the refectory, they were assembled again in the garden. The sun was gone down, but a beautiful rosy haze lay over the landscape, and a young moon trembled in the violet sky. One of the lay sisters came running into the garden with a letter.

"It is for Sister Claire; and General de Bourmont himself brought it," she cried.

The sisters all gathered around. It was only a fitting winding up of the glories of the day for Sister Claire to get a letter from the general himself, delivered in person. There was still enough of the pale and lingering light to read by, and Sister Claire read her letter aloud in a clear, sweet voice:

"General de Bourmont presents his respectful compliments to Sister Claire, and has the honor of informing her that her thanks will be personally conveyed by him to his majesty. The noble career of Sister Claire has been watched by the whole French army, and she will become, more than ever, an object of respectful devotion to the soldiers of France, of all ranks. It was unknown to General de Bourmont, though, that in Sister Claire was his friend of former days. He remembers with gratitude Sister Claire's kindness to him at the long distant period to which she refers; and he begs that she will always consider him her friend and devoted servant during the rest of his life.

"(Signed) DE BOURMONT."

"What a fine, splendid, brave letter!" cried all the sisters, delighted; "and to think it should turn out that Sister Claire and General de Bourmont are old friends!"

Presently, all went indoors, except Sister Claire. She remained, walking up and down, with her beautiful eyes fixed on the stars that shone with soft splendor. Heaven seemed very near to her.

Afar off, on the sandy plain, de Bourmont sat on his horse quite motionless, and looked toward the white-walled convent which held Sister Claire. His eyes were full of tears for the broken hearts of their youth; but he said to himself, "I would not have it different now."

[THE END.]





DEAD CONFEDERATES IN THE TRENCHES AT "FORT DAMNATION," BEFORE PETERSBURG, SHOWING A BOMB-PROOF IN THE BANK AT THE LEFT-HAND SIDE. TAKEN IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE SIEGE.

THE GLORY OF WAR.—AFTER THE BATTLE.

THE story which the camera tells is one of unerring truth and actuality. Battlefields have been pictured and described many thousands of times, but the brush of the artist and the pen of the writer are not infallible, and the thought will arise that imagination and exaggeration may have had much to do with the final result. No such idea can be entertained, however, in looking at the series

of photographs which the photo-engraving art enables THE COSMOPOLITAN to here reproduce with such fidelity. They give an impression such as no words can convey of the horror of the butchery called civilized warfare.

These photographs were taken by Brady, of Washington, who was frequently at the front, and have been kept unpublished until now.



VII
VIEW OF THE BATTLEFIELD OF BULL RUN AFTER THE SECOND ENGAGEMENT, AUGUST 30, 1862.
SHOWING THE BLEACHING SKULLS OF MEN KILLED IN THE FIRST FIGHT
ON JULY 21, 1861, MORE THAN THIRTEEN MONTHS BEFORE.



VIII
IN THE "SLAUGHTER PEN" AT GETTYSBURG, A ROCKY RAVINE AT THE FOOT OF ROUND TOP. VIEW
TAKEN AFTER THE FINAL DAY'S FIGHTING ON JULY 3, 1863. FIVE DEAD BODIES ARE IN SIGHT.



THE HARVEST OF DEATH AT THE SECOND BATTLE OF BULL RUN. FEDERAL DEAD LEFT ON THE FIELD WHERE, A YEAR BEFORE, THE UNION CAUSE HAD MET ITS FIRST DEFEAT.



DEAD CONFEDERATE SOLDIER, WHO WAS KILLED DURING THE STORMING OF PETERSBURG ON APRIL 2, 1865. THE BODY WAS PHOTOGRAPHED JUST AS IT LAY IN THE TRENCHES, SMEARED WITH BLOOD AND MUD.



FOUND HIS LAST RESTING-PLACE IN A RIFLE-PIT. ALTHOUGH SEEMINGLY WELL PROTECTED FROM THE ENEMY'S BULLETS, THIS SHARPSHOOTER WAS KILLED IN THE BATTLE AT GETTYSBURG.



A YOUTHFUL SOUTHERN VOLUNTEER WHO WAS KILLED AT HIS POST AND WHOSE BODY REMAINED IN A SITTING POSITION.



"THE HIGH-WATER MARK OF THE CONFEDERACY." A PORTION OF THE FIELD AT THE FOOT OF THE SLOPE AFTER PICKETT'S IMMORTAL CHARGE AT GETTYSBURG.



OVERLOOKED BY THE BURYING DETAIL. HIS LAST AND LONELY SLEEP IN THE BLOODY WHEAT FIELD AT GETTYSBURG.



THE LAST REVIEW—A ROW OF THE KILLED AWAITING IDENTIFICATION AND BURIAL AFTER McCLELLAN AND LEE HAD CONTENDED FOR THE FIELD OF ANTIETAM, ON SEPTEMBER 17, 1862.



BREASTWORKS OF THE CONFEDERATES AROUND PETERSBURG, SHOWING BODIES OF THE UNION DEAD, AS THEY FELL ON THE PARAPETS DURING THE STORMING OF THE WORKS, ON APRIL 2, 1865.



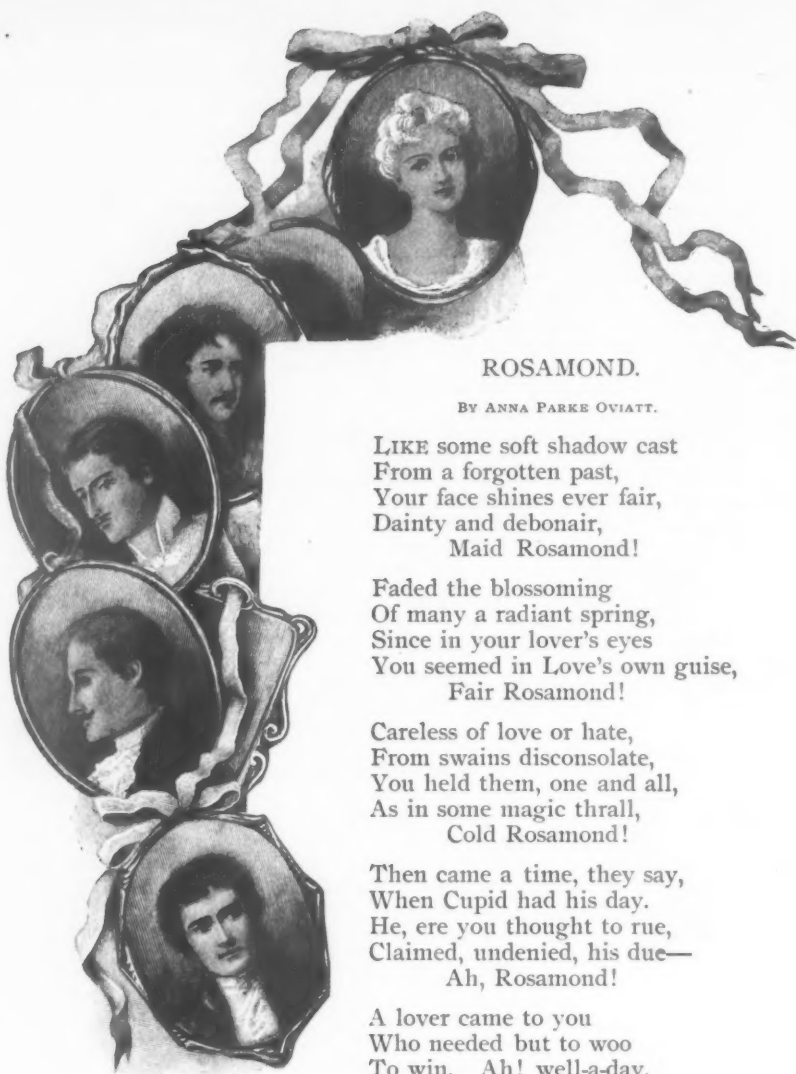
A SCENE BEHIND THE DEFENSES AT PETERSBURG. A CONFEDERATE SOLDIER, AS HE FELL IN THE FINAL STRUGGLE.



LIFE.

BY HENRY COLLINS WALSH.

A CRY of pain new-born from baby lips ;
A cheery laugh as brave youth starts the race ;
A stern, set look that knows its hope's eclipse ;
A smile upon a dead man's dreaming face.



ROSAMOND.

BY ANNA PARKE OVIATT.

LIKE some soft shadow cast
From a forgotten past,
Your face shines ever fair,
Dainty and debonair,
Maid Rosamond!

Faded the blossoming
Of many a radiant spring,
Since in your lover's eyes
You seemed in Love's own guise,
Fair Rosamond!

Careless of love or hate,
From swains disconsolate,
You held them, one and all,
As in some magic thrall,
Cold Rosamond!

Then came a time, they say,
When Cupid had his day.
He, ere you thought to rue,
Claimed, undenied, his due—
Ah, Rosamond!

A lover came to you
Who needed but to woo
To win. Ah! well-a-day,
Cupid would have his way
With Rosamond!

Though some dispute his sway,
Love still doth find a way;
Though hearts were all as cold
As Rosamond's of old.
Sweet Rosamond!



CONFESSIONS OF A PHYSICIAN.

BY FRANCES COURTENAY BAYLOR.

I AM a doctor. I am told that some of my professional foes (disguised carefully as my very good friends) call me a "fashionable doctor," as if it were a crime to have a clientèle composed chiefly of the people they would most like to attend themselves. I learned my trade really in Philadelphia, but I knew that no one would ever believe it unless the fact was presented to him gilt-edged and with a foreign label; so I took the last five hundred dollars that my soft-hearted old aunt could raise on a Jersey farm and went to Paris, where I spent two years.

Endless clinics, some pleasant companions, a pigeon-hole on the Quai de Voltaire, a look over the fences at the Mistress of the World as she exists for the rich on Sundays, a flirtation with a demure little English rose of a girl with whom I used to go to the American chapel, some wonderful dinners at queer old restaurants, a great many days with little or no dinner at all, a single bal masque—this was my life in Paris. And it may be supposed that I was not sorry to return. As I entered New York harbor I reflected that I was a finished exponent of the art conjectural. The great question was, Where should I live? I had no family to speak of, no influential connections, and no friendships that had not cooled considerably during my absence. I did not like the West, nor the country. The idea of a full field and no favors rather appealed to me, and I concluded to try Washington.

To Washington, therefore, I went, with barely enough money to rent a tiny, grimy hall bedroom on Ninth street, with an outlook all cats and chimney-pots, and an office to match downstairs.

* * * *

A French bird-fancier was my first patient. I remember him with gratitude and emotion, for I had been expecting him six months, when he finally walked in, and he paid me well and paid promptly for pulling him through pneumonia (with one lung) by Nellaton's process. After that I had patients galore—but of money

monstrous little. I was falling into a green and yellow melancholy, and thinking of an irate washerwoman, of board overdue, of the fact that I had just seventy-five cents left, one morning in November, 1885, just as society was beginning to take down its shutters and prepare all the booths for Vanity Fair—a fact that I bitterly noticed as I lit my last cigarette and went for a constitutional. I think I must have walked about fifteen miles that day; but I could not keep on forever, and at last I turned back, and as I passed the Shoreham I stumbled upon Hall, of my native village, Cotapsco, Md. We shook hands, and he insisted on my coming inside. Hall is a furnace, and a wood fire, and a champagne punch, and a fur coat, and a cup of strong coffee, and everything else that can warm or cheer the human heart. He is the biggest-hearted man I know. I always liked him. And I was numb and disheartened and not sorry to follow his lead. So first we went inside and had a civilized meal. Then we smoked and finally adjourned to the drawing-room to finish our talk. And we were discussing our friend Paul's elopement with his wife's governess, after I had made a clean breast of it as to the state of my affairs and had declined the loan he had generously offered me, when a richly-dressed elderly woman came in the door nearest me, followed by an angry elderly gentleman.

"You can say what you please," he declared. "I never interfere with you, as a rule. But Kitty is sick, and I am going to have a doctor for her. She is the only child we've got, and I'm not going to take any risk on this. I am going right out to get the first doctor I can lay my hands on. I tell you she has got fever!"

His wife laid a detaining hand on his arm and tried to whisper something. But he pulled away from her, jammed on his hat and was about to make a bolt of it, when Hall arose, and bowed and apologized in his best manner—and no man has better. Might he say that his friend Dr. Waring was at hand—a distinguished

physician who—hum—hum—hum. I lost part of his speech, but I have no doubt that he laid it on thick; in fact, he told me so afterward. The irate parent hesitated, glared at me, relented, consented to be introduced, dragged me upstairs with him without giving me time to more than nod to Hall, who slapped his pocket in expressive pantomime and called after me, "Meet me here to-morrow at six—wild ducks and venison, my boy."

My guide, a Mr. Dearing, led the way down a long corridor and opened a door, crying out, "Kitty! Kitty! I've brought you a doctor!"

I advanced into a darkened room, stumbled over a footstool, made out dimly a form and a bed, and put up a shade in spite of "Don't, please," from that bed. Mr. Dearing curtly informed me that he would wait for me downstairs, and I turned my attention to Miss Kitty. A prettier woman I never saw—girl, rather, for she was about eighteen; a dark, rich beauty, wonderful eyes, a somewhat weak mouth and chin. I took a chair and proceeded to question her. She owned to a headache; also to a bad back. Further than this she gave me no help whatever; and as about six hundred diseases begin with these two symptoms, I felt that I should have to await developments before I could make a correct diagnosis of her case. I attended the lady for two months regularly, and a more puzzling patient I never had. Sometimes I found her with a very red face and a galloping pulse—sometimes with a look of pallor and utter exhaustion, cold hands, cold feet, and her pulse a mere thread—sometimes with nothing that I could see was amiss, though she protested that she "felt dreadfully." I settled down at last on the malarial theory. Everything unaccounted for is malaria in Washington, where even the electric lights are intermittent. I liked Miss Kitty. We became great friends. She had no lack of them, I found out. Her room was besieged by her own and her mother's. Enormous bouquets of pink roses used to be brought in constantly while I was there, and Miss Kitty would frown at them, toss them aside, give them to the laundress, the maid, to anybody who would take them. Sometimes she wore a faded bunch of violets, apologetically.

"They have come by post, poor dears," she explained.

By the 25th of January I had got her on a sofa in a tea-gown that was like a sea of foam—all white lace billows and fluffy ruffles and floating ribbons. I found her in the lowest possible frame of mind. I had hardly seated myself before she whipped out a note from behind a pillow and asked me to post it. I inadvertently saw the address—"Robt. Moore, Esq., 275 State street, St. Louis." I set myself to cheer her up a bit; got out the morning papers, and was reading the general news, when up rose Miss Kitty. She seized her tea-gown and executed a "pas seul" that positively enchanted while it utterly amazed me.

"Don't stare at me like that," she cried, as she sank on the nearest chair. "I'm all right. Read it again, do. Oh! *could* there be any mistake?"

"Read what again?" I asked.

"The naval intelligence," she replied. "Here, give it to me." She seized the paper and read out that Lieut. Frank G. Hovers was ordered to join his ship immediately. "Oh! I thought I should have to stay mewed up here for another month. And I'm almost dead. And the Bachelors' german coming off next week," she went on, eagerly, every trace of sickness and sadness banished from her beautiful face. "Oh! doctor! *Malaria!*" Here she went off into peal after peal of laughter, in which I could not but join in a shamefaced way. "Now, don't be angry with me and I'll tell you all about it—I like you so awfully; you have been so kind and nice to me. But the truth is, that there hasn't been a *thing* the matter with me from first to last! not a thing! I went to bed deliberately, determined to stay there until Mr. Hovers went to China. I knew he had to go. He has persecuted me with the most unwelcome attentions. I perfectly hate him. He is very rich, and mamma is set on my marrying him; and I'm engaged"—here she paused and looked down—"to the dearest fellow in the world. And I was tired of having so many scenes with mamma. But now it will all come right. I can do anything—just anything—with father. You won't tell, I know. Oh! isn't it delightful that he just *has* to go?"

In a week I met Miss Kitty on the avenue, radiant. Her father sent me a check that I blushed to take, and wondered to see; and every other person that I met daily in the hotel congratulated me warmly on the wonderful recovery of Miss Dearing. She brought me seven patients in the hotel, and I should think fully twenty outside of it; and my friend Hall counseling, and assisting me, I moved up-town into handsomer quarters and set up a brougham. On all sides I heard that I was "the great man for malaria," and almost pulled my mustache out by the roots in my disgusted efforts to disclaim any such distinction. It was just after Easter that I saw in the "Post:" "At St. Johns, March 13th—Robert Moore, of St. Louis, to Katherine, only daughter of John Dearing, Esq., of New York," and knew that my famous cure for malaria was now complete.

MR. FRETWELL.

The largest and handsomest suite of apartments in the hotel had been hired by this gentleman. He had added double doors, double windows, carpets that deadened every footfall, heavy portières, and, for the rest, most artistic furniture and a wealth of "bigotry and virtue." I was summoned to his presence by his man, Moffatt, a superior English servant, who was all condescension toward me, but could be downright insulting to those who offended him. He laid his hand on my arm, as he walked toward his master's room, for a second. "Beg pardon, sir, but I'd like to igsplain matters and give you the straight tip," he said. "I've a great respect for all the medical men I've known, sir; but it's like jockeying—there's nothing like the right tip. And none of them, I make bold to say, has understood my master's case. It's nervous persperity, sir; that's what it is. This way, sir. Beg pardon—Doctor Waring, sir!" He opened the door as he spoke, and I found myself in the presence of a handsome man of about sixty—a gentlemen, evidently—very gray, very sallow, very wrinkled, listless in manner, with restless eyes and nervous fingers. I felt at a glance that, while Moffat had been impertinent and ignorant, for he had meant to say that his

master was suffering from nervous prostration, he had accidentally hit the nail right on the head; and all my subsequent knowledge of Mr. Fretwell confirmed this impression. The man was dying of nervous prosperity!—too much time, too much money, too much consideration from, and too little consideration for, others; too much French cook, too much champagne, too much medicine, too much of self and self-indulgence altogether. His blood was a mayonnaise dressing. His whims and fads were endless, and had become to him as the laws of the Medes and Persians. And as for worrying, he could beat a whole almshouse of old women at it. He had had his cares and sorrows; who hasn't? his only son had been a drunkard; his daughter had been drowned before his eyes. But he had nursed his griefs, his woes, his nerves. He was a Bourbon to the backbone. He had never forgotten and never learned anything. He was (unconsciously) profoundly selfish—and self is the root of all evil, not money at all; combined with money, only that much worse. Well, I first impressed on his mind that he had not been properly treated; I prescribed for him massages, bread pills, a simple diet, and no wine. I docked his strong coffee and stronger tea; I got him on a bicycle and put some atmospheric air into his lungs. Finding that he was a clever draftsman, I persuaded him to design and give a fountain to his native town. In six months he could sleep, eat and walk like his neighbors. He got into a lawsuit with the town council of Logansville about his fountain, that cost him five thousand dollars, and was worth to him a million. He got well; he blossomed into a public benefactor. His mail almost equaled that of the president. He swore by me, and always insisted that my *pills* did the great work for him. "Wonderful things, those pills," he would say to Moffatt, who always looked as if he had compounded them himself. "I gave him a tip, sir, when he first took charge, if I may say so. You see, sir, I've studied your constitution careful." His recovery increased very greatly my reputation with the public, as well as my bank account, if not my professional conceit, and I now find myself constantly summoned

to this or that distinguished person suffering from the same malady. Indeed, to the skill I eventually acquired in treating nervous prosperity do I largely attribute the prestige and fortune I have acquired. Washington is full of rich women who are like the French—"they don't know what they want, and will never be happy till they get it." I had the courage of my convictions: I put a lady (quoted at ten millions) to do her own housework; I kept most of my wealthiest patients on Lithia water, brown bread and gruel; I had a gentleman sawing wood and shoveling snow, who had "doubled up Wall street," he told me, in his day, "more than once," and it saved him from softening of the brain and gave him the sleep and the appetite of a plowboy. Money made or lost, I have generally found in my practice, to play the mischief with the men, and love with the women—attachments either too happy or too unhappy for the poor things to bear. I have often marveled to think that they should care that much for any man that ever lived. Not one of us is worth it; we do not appreciate it or even imagine it—such suffering, such devotion. For my part, I paraphrase Madame de Staël: "I am glad I am not a man, because I can't marry one."

I shall now say a word about another patient.

MISS HARNSFORD.

One bitter winter's night, toward the close of the season, my night-bell went off at the head of my bed like a pocket-pistol. I had been out twice already and had just turned in and got warm. I turned a deaf ear. It rang again. I still paid no attention. It continued to ring. I bounced up and shuffled into my bathrobe and went down. The message was imperative: "Miss Harnsford was very ill; could I come at once?" I went at once. I knew the lady by reputation—as immensely rich, ugly, old, very much "in the swim," and noted for her entertainments. I found her in a superb Japanese costume, all smiles and graces, seated before the fire, with one maid rubbing her head and another bathing her feet, while a third hovered in the background, to be ready for any orders that might be

given. I am afraid I was curt to the point of rudeness when I found that she had only an ordinary fit of indigestion, and as soon as I had prescribed I took my leave. "She'll not send for me again in a hurry," I thought, as I re-entered my own room; "why couldn't the woman wait until morning?" But I was mistaken. She sent for me next day, and the day after, and constantly after that. Her digestion got no better and settled down into chronic invalidism three months afterward. She made a business of being sick, if ever a woman did. She was very æsthetic. She made her room into a symphony in green and brown and blue, with herself in Parisian *camisoles* to match, and flowers and rugs and coverlets harmonizing or contrasting, as the case might be. She overwhelmed me with compliments—she always had wine, or coffee, or chocolate served the moment I appeared. "Here comes my beauty-doctor; not coffee, Gretchen," she would say, "biscuits and wine," and I confess that I often found that they went to the spot after a hard day's "drive" of work. She paid me every week by check munificently. She gave me a beautiful diamond ring. She sent me slippers, a fez, a dressing-gown fit for the Sultan of Morocco. She wrote me endless notes. She told me one day that she would like to have me as her resident physician, and when I declined the post of honor she asked me how I would like to be her heir. I laughed this speech off just as I was leaving her, and went home convinced that she wanted to adopt me—perhaps to spite her relations, with whom she was on very bad terms. Not a bit of it! She wanted to marry me, and proposed in due form that very week—offering to settle twenty thousand dollars a year on me and leave me "as free as air," and signing herself, "Fondly and forever yours, Marie Louise Harnsford." My answer to this effusion effected another one of my miraculous cures. Miss Harnsford's indigestion disappeared like an April snow within twenty-four hours after she received it. I met her that afternoon at a tea and she cut me dead. But her restoration to society was marked by a series of beautiful dinners, and I got all the credit of her improved health. It mortified me to reflect at this period that I

owed my professional success to an ingenious malingerer, a hypochondriac, and a sentimental goose of a granny, and not to any abilities or industry of my own at all. My thesis on "Anæsthetics" which the faculty in Paris had commended and which I had had printed, remained unknown and unsold—but Miss Kitty, and Mr. Fretwell, and Miss Harnsford, between them, had put me in a position which the French admirably define by "*arrivé*." I was where most doctors never get, and I had more work than any ten physicians could possibly have coveted—and got more money for it than twenty could have earned honestly among a different class of people in twice the time. I bought a nice house, I joined the club, I even dreamed of a yacht, "when I could get a summer off," but that summer has never come, I need scarcely say.

MRS. MORLAND.

This lady received me with the greatest cordiality and emprossement when I was called to attend her husband. "Miss Harnsford is a friend of mine," she said, "and I have often heard her speak of you. Our doctor died last week, and I was so distressed to be obliged to put my dear husband in fresh hands, until I thought of you. Everybody says you are so clever and scientific and successful. You will have to prescribe for two, I can tell you. My husband's health gives me, at times, great anxiety. I am perfectly miserable about him if his little finger aches. I don't suppose there is much the matter with him, *really*, but I am so foolish about him. His health has been slowly failing him for some time. It is so strange. His father and grandfather died young. I sometimes fear—but now that *you* have come, I am sure all will be well. With *your* skill, he cannot fail to get well. Come up-stairs."

She was a handsome woman of about thirty. She was bent upon ingratiating herself with me, but with every word of this speech I felt an increase of the feeling of dislike with which she had inspired me before she opened her lips. I have a habit of regarding strangers attentively. I looked closely at her—at her cold, black eyes (that so belied her warm words) and the heavy brows above

them; noted her excessive, unusual paleness and thin lips, and a kind of imperious grace which characterized her every movement. Finding that I did not "rise" to her compliments, she became warmer, more flattering, more bent upon making a good impression than ever. When she had assured me that I stood at the head of my profession, head and shoulders above every doctor in the country, from all she could hear, I cut short her glowing periods. "Shall I go upstairs," I inquired. A red spark appeared in the black eyes and the thin lips tightened; then her smiles became profuse again. "Modest, of course; that means '*merit*,' she remarked, "and now I *know* my husband will get well at once."

She took me up to her bedroom and introduced me to a perfect ghost, the most emaciated creature that I ever saw in all my professional experience.

"Ah, there you are, darling. Who is that?" he feebly whispered. Mrs. Morland embraced him fondly; kissed his hair, his hands; shook up his pillows, straightened the bed-clothes, assured him that I would have him up in a week, seated herself on the foot of the bed—"to be near her precious." When I left the house I felt it my duty to tell Mrs. Morland that her husband was critically ill.

She laughed in my face. "Oh! he is always thin, and sickness tells on him more than on most men. He has no constitution. In a week or two, very likely, he'll be looking like another creature." She was right; in a week or two he did improve amazingly—but in three days more he was worse than ever.

"That is just like him—poor, precious one! He has been going on like this for months," she remarked to me, standing at the head of the stairs; "and I daresay will keep it up for twenty years."

The front door opened at this moment. My back was toward it, my eyes fixed on Mrs. Morland's face. As I looked, she glanced past me and blushed, a dull, suppressed blush that was yet wonderfully becoming. "Oh! the man to wind the clocks," she remarked. "James, I am not at home to any one," she said, "except on business." Her man-servant paid no heed. "Captain Saunders, madam," he announced, as he mounted the

stairs; "you always sees him." I turned and saw a natty, well-dressed man, of a bold, military type, disappear into the back dining-room.

Mr. Morland's case interested me beyond measure. I could not make out, for the life of me, what ailed the man. I exhausted every hypothesis and theory I could possibly form about him. He had been in India, and I finally came to the conclusion that he had absorbed a whole swamp into his system and that it had shattered him completely. "Such rigors, such nausea, such exhaustion; a convulsion yesterday, a convulsion to-day. I can't understand it, madam," I exclaimed to Mrs. Morland. "Has your sewerage been overhauled lately? What has he been eating? Canned vegetables? Only a mineral poison, it seems to me, could account for it." I was looking at Mrs. Morland as I spoke. Her face became rigid; her eyes took on that curious masked look that tells of a soul on guard; the muscles of her jaw were tense. "She is afraid of alarming him," I thought.

"Why, you know what he eats; you order it yourself. And cook prepares it, and I see every mouthful he takes. You know I won't trust him to a nurse, at all," she replied, with great rapidity. She rose and laid aside her work, and went and bent over husband. "Don't you mind what the doctor says, precious, you are all right. We'll have you up for our wooden wedding yet—see if we don't!" she said, and stroked his hair and patted his arm and kissed him affectionately.

"Oh! I think so—perhaps," the kind fellow said. "Did you ever see such a woman, doctor, as my wife? She hasn't taken off her clothes for two nights. I can't make her leave me."

He took her hand and kissed it, all his honest heart in his eyes.

"I said I thought I'd get well to please her," he said to me. "She is perfectly wrapped up in me; she always says she only lives for me—though what she sees in me I can't imagine. But I don't know—sometimes I think I— It is a comfort to me to think that my wife is all right if anything should happen to me. I've insured my life in three companies for seventy thousand dollars, in her favor."

I congratulated him on his forethought and prudence. I left him, but I did not like the rate at which his pulse was galloping and, contrary to my usual custom, I slipped in at dusk to see him again. James admitted me. I was shown into a little boudoir off the drawing-room. James reported presently that I could go up in a few minutes, and betook himself to the basement. It grew quite dark while I was waiting. I heard voices in the hall. "In here, my darling," said Mrs. Morland, in a low voice; "the gas isn't lit, but we don't mind that." I half rose.

"Not much," I now heard in a deep voice—masculine and amative. The couple entered the room adjoining and took possession of a small sofa on the other side of the portière. I wanted to see my patient—I hated the rôle of eaves-dropper—hesitated a moment and sat down again. In the next five minutes I was considerably enlightened. Mrs. Morland and the stranger were lovers, and no mistake, if words and osculations were to be trusted. I now dared not leave, simply. His visit over, the gentleman left. Mrs. Morland herself lit the gas in the hall and showed me Captain Saunders. They were far too much occupied with each other to think of anybody else. The captain dismissed, Mrs. Morland was about to enter the boudoir; I slipped into the dining-room and waited there until she seemed to me to have been in there an hour. I could dimly see her sitting on the sofa I had occupied, lost in meditation. She went slowly up-stairs, finally, and I made my way out on tiptoe. "So this is the way that Mr. Morland's devoted wife serves her 'precious' husband," I thought, and found food for much reflection in the fact.

For a week after this Mr. Morland was desperately ill, and, I confess it, I had my suspicions. In spite of sober sense and a hatred of melodrama I could not dismiss them. Every day I saw Mrs. Morland. She expressed the most intense anxiety and grief of the most tragic kind; but all the same I caught at the windows of her soul—those fathomless black eyes—a glad devil on the day I told her that her husband could not possibly live. There could be no mistake. I thought him "in extremis." But he ral-

lied again. He must have had a constitution of iron, or rather of steel. Two days later I went to see him; walking upstairs unannounced. Mrs. Morland was standing at the window of her dressing-room. Her back was toward me. She was holding up a glass and looking at it critically with the light shining through it. I stepped up quietly behind her and took it out of her hand before she could wink. She wheeled round. I had shuddered when I first became convinced of her guilt. I almost pitied now her craven fear. The next moment she raged and stormed. I had only said: "What are you adding, madam, to my prescription?" but she accused me of hating and insulting her. Mr. Morland's phial was on the table in front of her. She tried to bully me into giving up the glass; it was useless. She tried to cajole me out of it, but without effect. Finally she tried to bribe me; whereupon I turned on my heel and walked downstairs. I sent for her the next day, after seeing Mr. Morland. I told her what I had found in that glass. She had done the thing very stupidly. Crime is always stupid. I told her that her safety and my silence depended on three things: Mr. Morland was to get well; Captain Saunders was to be dismissed; Mr. Morland's insurance policies were not to be renewed. The fury of the look she gave me ought to have been fatal, and would have been if she had been one of Bulwer's evil heroines. Mr. Morland got well, and a reputation for curing swamp fever was now added to my past triumphs.

MR. HARMON.

There was no cure for this gentleman, though. I saw that at a glance. He had dismissed his doctor and sent for me because he was determined to live and had been told that it was impossible. I ratified and confirmed this opinion. A lawyer was sent for, and I was asked to remain and see his will executed. Mr. Harmon's will was no trivial affair, for he was immensely rich and a notorious miser. I have never forgotten that scene and never shall. The lawyer took his instructions; from the sick man's own lips I gathered the impression of a life which had been a perfect failure. A more love-

less, godless, miserable old man never lived, or died, I am convinced. One by one, with the dews of death standing on his forehead, were his possessions wrung from him by Death and a decorous attorney, and he suffered frightfully under the operation.

"But, Mr. Harmon," remonstrated the latter, at last, "what are you going to do with that Cloverdale mining property?" This was a mine that had yielded him five millions and was his very soul. The very mention of it sent him up in bed as if galvanized.

"Do you want to rob me of everything," he shrieked; and fell back on his pillow dead. It was impossible for him to realize that shrouds have no pockets. I got a check for two hundred and fifty dollars for this arduous service, and returned it. All my admirers declared that I had got there too late to save him. My enemies insisted, of course, that I "gave old Harmon his coup de grâce." But even this case added to my toils and spoils.

MISS M'INTYRE.

Mr. Harmon had been dead and posted a week, and I was dining with my old college society, when I was summoned to this lady, of whom I had heard as one of the belles of the place, and I had—well, lost my bearings a bit. In fact, I saw *two* young women stretched out on the bed in the room to which I was conducted by a most charming old gentlewoman—my patient's mother. I knew this could not be right. I took a turn up and down the room, and running my hand through my hair, exclaimed: "Too much champagne!" as a severe rebuke to a member of my firm who occasionally gives me trouble in this way. The effect was electrical. The old lady staggered against a bed-post and shrieked: "Doctor! hush! hush! Somebody might hear you! Oh! you won't betray her!" The young one slipped out of bed and went down on her knees to me to the same effect. Never had diagnosis been more swift and perfect. Well, I pulled the girl out of the hole that time, and several times afterward.

I ordered her abroad, ostensibly, and sent her privately to Binghamton. She came out cured. She is well married. She adores me—for nothing—and so does

her mother. But somehow, through relatives and friends it all leaked out, and I got a reputation for discretion and dipsomania. It was all that was lacking to complete my success. I am disgracefully rich, I often think; I have a clientèle that is the envy of many a new-fledged

M. D.; I am an "authority" on many subjects; but I often reflect that I owe it all to "a concatenation of anything but creditable circumstances," as Hall puts it, and a determination on the part of the public to make a success of me, whether I deserve it or not.



MODERN Improvements in the Production of Glass.

Owing to the great variety of applications to which glass is put, in the experiences of daily life, its manufacture is one of the most important that has engaged the attention of men. No single industry, with the exception of cloth manufacture, has so greatly contributed to the comfort of mankind and the progress of civilization. Without this useful material, the sciences of chemistry, medicine and related branches, which have done so much for the world's progress, would have been many centuries behind their present developed state.

The manufacture of glass is one of the most ancient of technical industries, and its earliest home was, most probably, in Egypt. There is in the British Museum a lion's head of glass bearing hieroglyphics, which the best authorities think fix its date at two thousand four hundred years before the Christian era. At the tomb of Beni Hassan, dating to nearly the same time, the process of glass-blowing is clearly represented. The making of glass was certainly practised more than four thousand years ago. The most ancient glass has essentially the same composition as certain glasses of to-day. From the earliest authentic accounts, the processes of old seem to have been substantially the same in principle as those of to-day. Drawings and descriptions of glass furnaces made over three and a half centuries ago show them to have been, except in size, quite similar to those which have been used almost up to the present time.

In an industry so long established and so extensively exploited, changes in the principles involved can hardly be expected, but there have been in recent years two marked modifications of process which have proven themselves to be most important elements in reducing the cost of glass. The first refers to the production of glass material and the second to the manipulation of the material in fashioning the ware. From time immemorial until within a few years, the materials for producing glass have been fused together in large pots, the modern ones holding from one thousand to fifteen hundred pounds of glass, many of these pots being heated in the same furnace. At present, in many glass furnaces these pots have been or are being replaced by tank furnaces of immense dimensions. These tank furnaces are huge rectangular boxes of masonry, the largest being capable of holding over four hundred and twenty-five tons of melted glass. Window-glass, bottles and many forms of common ware are now produced from such furnaces. The substitution of these

large tanks for the pots has resulted in a great saving of fuel and economy of labor. The second modification, which is one of manipulation, is that of fashioning glass by machine pressure. The process is a modification of the old one of molding by blowing the plastic glass into the molds. In the pressed glass the articles are made either by hand or machine pressure. The molten glass takes the form of the mold on its outer surface under pressure from the plunger, and the inner surface receives the outline of the plunger itself. This process has resulted in producing ware suitable for almost every domestic purpose and at prices much below what were ever known before.

S. E. TILLMAN.



DISSEMINATION.—The study of the many various ways in which plants are distributed over the earth would fill a volume. It is one of the most fascinating branches of the science of botany, and has always attracted the attention of the most acute and learned students. Great writers, like de Candolle, Horker, Asa Gray, Humboldt and Grisebach, have given the subject much time and research. To these names should be added those of Charles Darwin and A. R.

Wallace, both of whom have contributed valuable observations. Each season adds to our knowledge.

One remarkable feature in the consideration of the matter is presented by the extreme diversity of plants adapted by nature, even within the limits of one family, to accomplish like purposes. Thus, in the *Geraniaceæ*, the genus *Oxalis*, or wood sorrel, scatters the seeds by rupture and eversion of the valves of the pod. It turns inside out, much like certain patent cigar cases. At the same time the seeds are expelled.

In *Geranium* proper, the scientific as well as common name, "crane's-bill," is derived from the long, beak-like extension of the receptacle. To this the four carpels adhere till full fruition, when each in turn is suddenly released and throws its seeds to quite a distance.

In the nearly related "stork's-bill" or *Erodium*, the very long tails of the carpels are spirally twisted, and bearded besides. These tails are extremely sensitive to hypometric conditions, and when a carpel falls upon the earth, by alternate changes from wet to dry, it actually corkscrews itself into the ground. The same geranium family presents also the balsams or touch-me-nots. The botanical name *Impatiens*, as well as the vernacular titles, refer alike to the impulsive character of the capsules. The tense, fully ripened pod bursts elastically into five valves, thus dispersing the seeds.

So much for a single family of plants. Our gardens and forests offer many other interesting examples, while the accounts of travelers teem with illustrations.

In a recent number of the Bulletin of the Torrey Botanical Club, Professor Byron D. Halsted points out that the pods of the well-known Chinese *Wistaria* are most effective catapults, expelling their seeds with a pistol-like explosion and scattering them far and wide. Every one knows that our common witch-hazel, *Hamamelis Virginiana*—acts similarly. Each cell of the woody capsule contains one large, bony and shining seed, wedged into a cell too narrow to contain it. The seed is finally ejected with tremendous force and considerable noise. If one carries home a fruiting branch of witch-hazel and forgets about it, he is alarmed some night by a violent bombardment.

Even more surprising is the propulsive action of the sand-box—*Hura crepitans*—of the West Indies. On one occasion an English traveler, carrying some of these fruit home in a steamer, had them explode in his trunk, and with difficulty proved that he was not a dynamiter. The squirting cucumber ejects its seeds in a fountain-like jet of mucilaginous water.

One of the commonest devices resorted to for dispersion of seeds is the use of hooks, grapnels or adhesive hairs. In some cases, as in *Collomia*, the hairs are not

released until the seed reaches the proper moist locality, when they project and anchor it down. A tuft of hair is frequently seen on a fruit, as in thistle or dandelion, or on a seed, as in milkweed. It is rarely found simultaneously on both fruit and seed.

Among trees we commonly observe winged seeds or fruit, as in maples, elms, ashes, and the like. Yet the nut-trees resort to other plans; and berries, pomes, and such-like juicy fruits attract birds and animals, which help to disseminate their contents. Color, then, in many cases, serves to lure the visitors. And some seeds, always escaping the process of digestion, are voided in the best possible condition to germinate.

Nature's object, in most cases, seems to be not necessarily *wide* distribution, but the removal of the offspring to a greater or less distance from the parent. It is a mistake to consider down-tufted seeds in all cases to be widely borne. Much of the thistle-down floating in the summer air will be found to have dropped its burden. A new chance and better conditions are sought for. The struggle of life is rigorous, unending, cruel; but the emigrant has a new opportunity offered him.

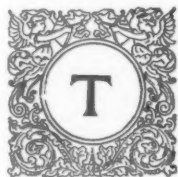
Sir Emerson Tennent, in his "Ceylon," says that the water-pink, or *Spinfex Squarrosus*, has its seed contained in a globular head, composed of a series of spine-like processes. When the seeds are ready for dispersion, these heads become detached from the plant and roll along the shore, propelled by the wind, and with extreme velocity. The ball, as it rolls, drops its seeds, which at once germinate and strike root. Moreover—an important provision for this useful plant—the ball will float, giving it an additional chance for a wide change of location.

Readers of Darwin will recall his account of the manner in which wading birds convey seed in mud attached to their feet. He found an amazing number of different kinds of seeds on the feet of one bird and caused them to grow. Seeds are likewise borne the world over by the operation of commerce. Adherent to bales of cotton or wool, sticking to the fleece or fur of animals, or to the very clothing of man, they span oceans and traverse continents. Of late years, as Dr. Gray used to say, they travel by railway—sometimes express, oftener loitering with the freight. Consequently, as every plant collector knows, a ballast heap or the dump about a great terminus affords a rare chance for the discovery of waifs from far distant regions.

WILLIAM WHITMAN BAILEY.



IN THE WORLD
OF
ART AND LETTERS.



THE Month in England.—"Good British public, ye who love me not," wrote Robert Browning, more in sorrow than in anger. But public disfavor is fickle, and at the present moment there is almost as great a boom in Browning as in Byron. It is, perhaps, not singular that a generation which has hailed Kipling should make a revulsion to the poetry of energy, but what is surprising is that now that Browning is becoming popular, the critics are beginning to turn upon him,

if indeed the writers of newspaper leaders can be termed critics. Time was when his lingual gymnastics and obscurities provided the superficial with obvious witticisms, but the general newspaper apotheosis of Browning, as soon as he was dead, seemed to mark the death of these puerilities, too, and the acceptance of the great poet in the national Pantheon. To hark back to them now is not only to write oneself down an ass, but to risk the word being deciphered. To represent Browning as a word-torturer and a puzzle-manufacturer was safe enough in the past—just as it is still safe to refer to Ibsen as an indecent idiot—but now that, by the partial expiration of his copyright, bits of Browning have been scattered broadcast in popular editions, the public has learned for itself that here was at any rate the greatest singer of love-songs English literature has seen. But it will be not the least paradoxical of time's revenges if, now that Browning has been taken up by the masses, he is dropped by the superior person, as some fashionable bonnet lapses in Belgravia when it descends to the shopkeeper's wife. Already Browning societies have died—at Girton in an odor of chocolate. Perhaps that is why it does not occur to the Independent Theater Society to give his plays a chance. Browning did, indeed, like Tennyson, actually enjoy the glare of the footlights, being produced by no less a person than Macready, and you may read in Mrs. Sutherland Orr's biography what a devil of a time he had with the illustrious actor-manager. The breed does not seem to have changed much since the days when Goldsmith fulminated against it in "The Citizen of the World." Meanwhile our English Independent Theater—inspired by a charming American actress—has been giving us Echegaray, the Spaniard. It is to the grave and saturnine Don that Europe owes the lively comedy of farcical intrigue, but in Echegaray Spain has at last produced a dramatist appropriately solemn and severe. His plays, many of which are in verse, are old-fashioned in style though sometimes modern in subject. Perhaps the most original is that in which the hero of the play never



appears—for the hero is scandal, and we feel this many-tongued monster molding throughout the destinies of the characters. If the play of the month, "Mariana," was made in Spain, the book of the month was made in South Africa. When "Trooper



INDEPENDENT ENGLISH DRAMA

Peter Halket of Mashonaland" was announced, the worshippers of Olive Schreiner thought that here at last was the sacrosanct novel on which she had been working for so many years, but the manuscript of which not all the arts of the printer's devil could beguile from her. The new book may, indeed, be described as sacrosanct but a novel it certainly is not. It is more like a political pamphlet, a leap from dream life to real life. The authoress chooses Christ as the mouthpiece of her opinion of Mr. Cecil Rhodes, and, published at the very moment of the Rhodes inquiry, her book is tantamount to placing Christ upon the Commission.

As modern politics does not move on Christian principles, this is rather unfair to Mr. Rhodes. Almost any one might be shamed, suddenly confronted with this ideal standard. The callousness of ordinary business competition is only not so brutal as the callousness of the war of races, because the operations are not so obvious. However, there is great strength and vividness in Miss Schreiner's impeachment of the white man's treatment of the South African nigger, except where she "drops into" allegory. Miss Schreiner, who is, I believe, of Jewish origin, is a curious example of literary atavism. She reproduces unconsciously—and most usefully for the scientific student of religion—the methods of the Old Testament writers, who wrote, not for art's sake, but for the sake of justice and truth; who expressed themselves in parable and allegory, and who prefaced whatever they felt most profoundly with, "Thus saith the Lord." Miss Schreiner's "Dreams," wherein she holds dialogues, like Moses, face to face with God, throw great light upon the workings of inspiration in the ancient Jews; but when Miss Schreiner attempts consciously to imitate the speech of Christ, she fails egregiously. It is not so much that she puts into His mouth now the language of Isaiah, now that of the modern geologist; it is because she is not content with simple parables, but over-elaborates them, whether in length or in adornment, so that her Christ exhibits dull our nineteenth century sense of picturesque landscape. But then allegory has always been Olive Schreiner's weakest point. No wonder poor Peter Halket begged for easier messages to cry to England. But the more he craves for simplicity, the more complex grow the messages which Christ, though with an air of complying, lays upon him—which shows a lack of humor in Miss Schreiner. Peter's query, too, as to whether the stranger has ever been without grub, and the reply, "Forty days," are surely out of tone.



Mr. Benson's "The Babe B.A." and Mr. Anthony Hope's "Phrooc" find equal favor with the lovers of light literature, though Mr. H. G. Wells has taken the Babe with scientific seriousness, as an unconscious exposure of the futility of our university system. Mr. Hope continues to evolve gay geographical romances from his inner consciousness. Everybody praises Mr. G. W. Stevens' "The Land of the Dollar," though I do not know how it strikes the Americans themselves. I believe Americans, like authors, resent any criticism that is not favorable, especially from Englishmen, forgetting that the worst things about England have been said by Englishmen. Even "Martin Chuzzlewit" is not such an indictment of America as the rest of Dickens' books is of England. As for Mr. Stevens, he appears to see both sides of

the Dollar. Mr. Le Gallienne's "The Quest of the Golden Girl" was audaciously published on this side on his wedding-day. I sincerely trust his wedding-day will not run into a third edition. His edition of "The Compleat Angler" is also just finished. The Shakespeare-Bacon literature is beginning again. Mr. E. T. Castle, Q. C., has written a book to prove that Bacon was Shakespeare's legal adviser, the dramatist having been ignorant of law. "These little things are great to little man."



But the boom of the month has been Nansen—his book and his lectures. "As a matter of literary history," says the "Daily Chronicle," "it may be mentioned that the English offers for the book coming nearest to the successful one of ten thousand pounds, were sums of seven thousand and five thousand pounds, respectively."

Literary history, forsooth!

Dr. Nansen is a brave man and a bold scientist, and deserves all the gold he can find at the Pole, but even if such books as his can be called literature at all, the Muse must draw the line at being dragged into the counting-house.

I. ZANGWILL.



QUESTION of Morals.—Some recent occurrences have served to direct once more a share of public attention to the old, old question of how far the technical and artistic merit of a literary work may be urged to justify its publication, when the subject and treatment are at variance with the generally accepted standards of morality and decorum, as these are understood by men and women of the Anglo-Saxon race. The question is indeed one of great delicacy and

difficulty; yet it is every year pressing for some definite solution, as our reading public are growing more and more familiar with the latest developments of Continental fiction, and as the study of comparative literature is forcing the serious student to extend the range of his reading and research. That conception of the literary art which is embodied in the work of men like Flaubert, Zola, the Goncourts, Maupassant, Barrès, Mendès, and D'Annunzio, entails upon the English and American peoples the necessity of determining just what view shall be taken by enlightened public opinion, and ultimately by the courts, of the claim that the writings of these authors should be regarded as fit subjects for translation and publication in the English language.

Within the limits assigned to the present paper, it is impossible to consider the question in all its bearings; but a few fundamental thoughts may be set down as preliminary to a fuller and more exhaustive discussion of the subject at some future time.

It is, we may assume, obvious that mature and serious students of comparative literature ought not to be cut off from the opportunity of reading and understanding literary masterpieces because of inability to read the language in which these masterpieces are originally written. Such a claim would hamper scientific study, put enormous difficulties in the way of learning, and foster a narrow and Philistine spirit which is wholly contrary to the development of culture. On the other hand, it is equally obvious that works which deal in morbid psychology, in the anatomy of the sexual instinct and its manifestations, in pathological detail, and in artful appeals to sensuality, ought not to be accessible to those whose immaturity, inexperience and lack of discrimination lay them open to a serious moral danger from the perusal of books whose exquisite art and literary fascination merely add to their power for evil.

One may even say that if the question of morals versus art involved an absolute dilemma; if it were a question of sacrificing wholly one or the other, then art should be unhesitatingly trampled under foot in the interest of that sanity

and purity of thought which have always been among the greatest glories and safeguards of our race. The practical question, therefore, is whether it is not possible to assure a reasonable liberty to the conscientious student, and at the same time shield the minds of the young and impressionable from any contact with the suggestive impurities of the naturalistic literary school. Putting it concretely, may not reputable publishers issue English versions of any foreign book without descending to the rôle of pornographers and without incurring the charge of ministering to depraved and prurient tastes?

The observance of two rules would make it entirely possible to answer this question in the affirmative.

In the first place, the plea that the interests of literary art are subserved by the translation of a naturalistic work, can be rightly urged only when the translation is in its way as fine a piece of work as the original. If the latter is admirable because of the exquisite finish of its style, its subtlety of expression, its literary *chiaroscuro*, its delicate distinctions, and the perfection of its cadences, and if all these things be absolutely lost in the crude translation turned off in a week by some literary hack, what is left of the book in its English form except an unrelieved and unpardonable coarseness? The beauty has vanished, and the foulness alone remains, intensified and unrelieved. Take M. de Maupassant's "*Boule de Suif*," for example, which Mr. Henry James has praised so highly. A translation of that by Mr. James himself would have all the art, all the finish, and all the literary graces of the original. But the clumsy version put upon the market a few weeks ago, and since, I believe, withdrawn, is little more than a dirty story, with no excuse whatever for its existence.

Hence, the first thing to demand of publishers is a translation that shall be, from an artistic point of view, absolutely admirable and adequate.

In the second place, such a work should not be issued in a popular edition, sold at a low price, and attainable at every book shop. It should be issued in an edition limited to a few hundred copies, and sold at a price which would put it quite beyond the thought of the average young person. In such a case, the whole edition would find its way to the shelves of the larger libraries, whence copies would be issued only at the discretion of intelligent and experienced librarians and to mature and serious-minded readers and students. The prurient person would, of course, obtain these books; but law and public sentiment are not invoked to protect the prurient against himself, but rather to preserve the innocent from influences of whose existence he is as yet quite unaware.

The two things here set forth could very readily be ensured. The practical difficulty is, of course, in finding the proper person to attend to their enforcement. It will not do to assign so delicate a function to one devoid of literary knowledge and of tact and judgment, however estimable he may be or however good his motives, for he will be sure to fail. Nor should it be entrusted to a literary enthusiast whose admiration of literary technique would blunt his perception of moral tendencies. But if the execution of the existing law could be watched by some one of wide reading, sane judgment, high character and common sense, then the whole question might be safely relegated to the list of problems that have received a definite and satisfactory solution.

HARRY THURSTON PECK.



DE JUVENTUTE.—Strange to say, out of the suggestions embodied in the schedule for the instruction of youth, given in the April COSMOPOLITAN, that which has excited the sharpest criticism is the one relating to their future duties as husbands and fathers. One is not surprised that in the curriculum of the pious fathers who were responsible for the courses of studies, from the time of Charlemagne to the sixteenth century, there should have been no provision for this kind of teaching. The professors were themselves sworn not to marry, and not a

few, of the most distinguished of them, regarded woman as the chief work of art emanating from a personal devil—the masterpiece of Lucifer himself. To this idea may be ascribed the slow progress of women toward equality with the sterner sex, and from this also springs the brutality which has characterized the treatment of women both as wives and as unfortunates.

It was but natural that these good men should ignore instruction which their experience of life utterly unfitted them for imparting. But when Oxford and Cambridge passed under the control of men who were themselves husbands and fathers and were able to justly weigh all the evils—all the sin and physical injury which follow in the train of ignorance of the commonest principles of life—we must stop to wonder that the old system should have been carried on and on through the centuries. Perhaps nothing could better illustrate the intense conservatism which is the result of the usual college methods of supplying vacancies in the ranks of professors. A bright young man grows up filled with awe of the great minds under whom he has been studying. Presently the youth becomes the instructor and enters with pride and satisfaction the distinguished ranks, to whose lightest word he has so long bowed with respect. By the time he has become a professor, every method and precedent are firmly established in his mind as almost holy of holies. He looks down the long and honorable paths of tradition with profoundest reverence. What! He change the road worn sacred by the footsteps of those great minds Professors Jones, and Smith and Robinson? Perish the suggestion. And so the years go by.

Talking a little while ago with a gentleman who is undoubtedly one of the ablest men in his profession, he informed me that the question of a course treating of the duties of man as husband and father, had been up before the college faculty, but had been voted down, as likely to conduce to immorality. The statement seemed so extraordinary that I could not help recalling a little personal experience. Some years ago I was asked to donate a gold medal to a school in which I felt a warm interest. In complying with the request, I prescribed that it should be given to that boy "who, during the year, would exhibit the highest regard for his neighbor's rights."

The following July the mail brought a catalogue, with my name in the usual black-faced type, which is the reward of benefactors of this class. But lo and behold: the medal was awarded for an entirely different purpose. Shortly afterward I met the excellent gentleman who presided over the institution. "Why did you not," I had the curiosity to ask, "award my medal as specifically provided, namely, 'to the boy who, during the year, exhibited the highest regard for his neighbor's rights.'"

"We talked the matter over," replied my friend, a very good and sincere man, who had read Thomas à Kempis to such a good purpose that he believed that 'going much abroad' was detrimental to holiness. "We talked the matter over and came to the conclusion that if we offered such a medal it would lead to fighting among the boys."

"What! to fighting? Why, it was intended to be given to the boy showing the highest regard for his neighbor's rights!"

"Certainly. But, of course, each boy, looking out for the rights of the smaller boys, would naturally thrash the boys whom he would find imposing on his neighbors."

* * * *

There is nothing that can be said upon this subject of instruction in the line of almost certain duties, stronger than what has been written by Herbert Spencer. The quotation is well worth reading and re-reading. Here it is:

"If by some strange chance not a vestige of us descended to the remote future save a pile of our school-books or some college examination papers, we may imagine how puzzled an antiquary of the period would be on finding in them no indication that the learners were ever likely to be parents. 'This must have been the curriculum for their celibates,' we may fancy him concluding. 'I per-

ceive here an elaborate preparation for many things: especially for reading the books of extinct nations and of co-existing nations (from which indeed it seems clear that these people had very little worth reading in their own tongue); but I find no reference whatever to the bringing up of children. They could not have been so absurd as to omit all training for this gravest of responsibilities. Evidently, then, this was the school course of one of their monastic orders.'

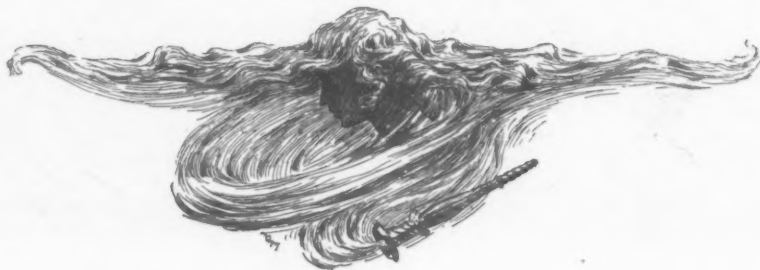
"Seriously, is it not an astonishing fact that, though on the treatment of offspring depend their lives or deaths, and their moral welfare or ruin, yet not one word of instruction on the treatment of offspring is ever given to those who will hereafter be parents? Is it not monstrous that the fate of a new generation should be left to the chances of unreasoning custom, impulse, fancy—joined with the suggestions of ignorant nurses and the prejudiced counsel of grandmothers? If a merchant commenced business without any knowledge of arithmetic and book-keeping, we should exclaim at his folly, and look for disastrous consequences; or if, studying anatomy, a man set up as a surgical operator, we should wonder at his audacity and pity his patients; but that parents should begin the difficult task of rearing children without ever having given a thought to the principles—physical, moral, or intellectual—which ought to guide them, excites neither surprise at the actors nor pity for their victims.

"To tens of thousands that are killed, add hundreds of thousands that survive with feeble constitutions, and millions that grow up with constitutions not so strong as they should be, and you will have some idea of the curse inflicted on their offspring by parents ignorant of the laws of life. Do but consider for a moment that the regimen to which children are subject is hourly telling upon them, to their lifelong injury or benefit; and that there are twenty ways of going wrong to one way of going right; and you will get some idea of the enormous mischief that is almost everywhere inflicted by the thoughtless, haphazard system in common use.

* * * *

"When sons and daughters grow up sickly and feeble, parents commonly regard the event as a misfortune—as a visitation of Providence. Thinking after the prevalent chaotic fashion, they assume that these evils come without causes; or that the causes are supernatural. Nothing of the kind. In some cases the causes are doubtless inherited; but in most cases foolish regulations are the causes. Very generally parents themselves are responsible for all this pain, this debility, this depression, this misery. They have undertaken to control the lives of their offspring from hour to hour; with cruel carelessness they have neglected to learn anything about these vital processes which they are unceasingly affecting by their commands and prohibitions; in utter ignorance of the simplest physiologic laws, they have been year by year undermining the constitutions of their children; and have so inflicted disease and premature death, not only on them but on their descendants."

JOHN BRISBEN WALKER.





"FAITH."—PHOTOGRAPHIC ART STUDY BY KOEHNE BRETZMAN.



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"OPHELIA."—PHOTOGRAPHIC ART STUDY BY BAKER.



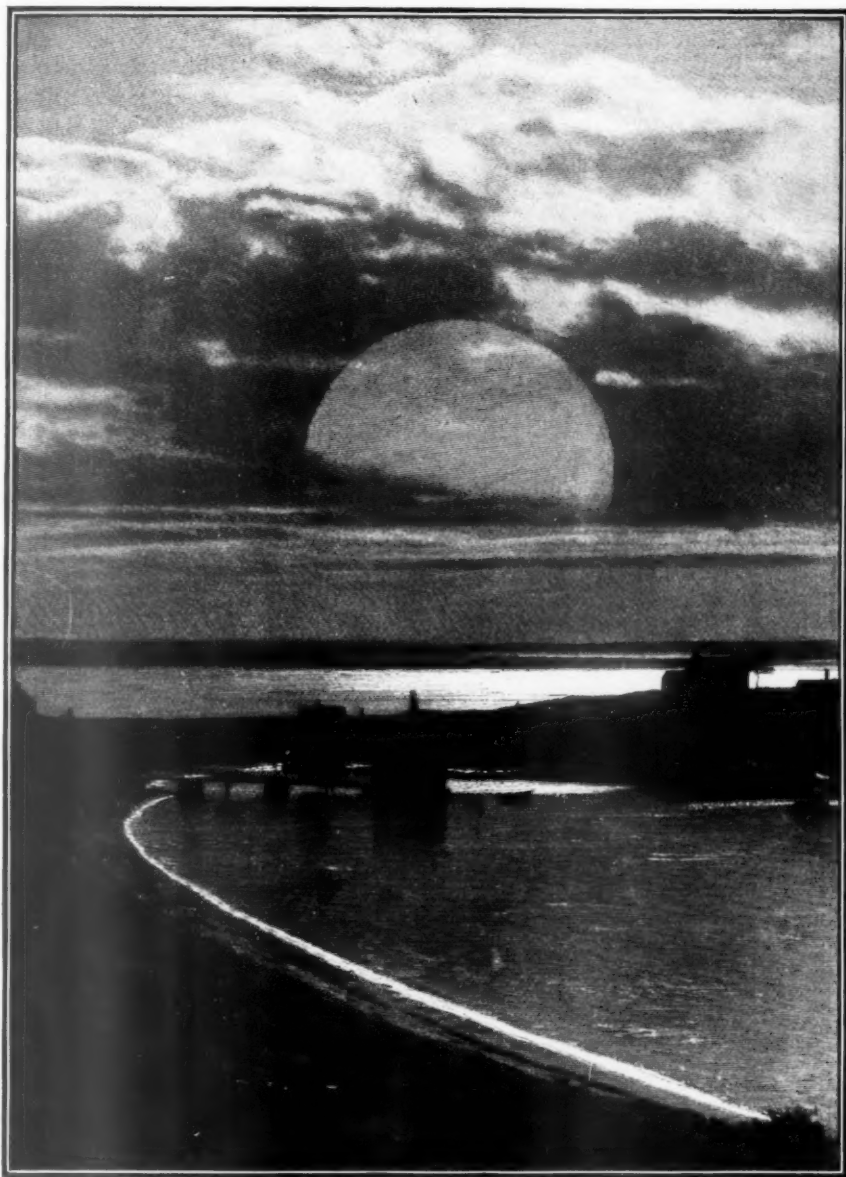
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"A ZEPHYR."—PHOTOGRAPHIC ART STUDY BY JAMES L. BREESE.



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"THE SPIRIT OF SPRING."--PHOTOGRAPHIC ART STUDY BY JAMES L. BREESE.



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SUNSET ON CASCO BAY.

This remarkable photographic art study was made by Mr. W. G. Oppenheim after a heavy electrical storm. The extraordinary size of the sun's disk and the fleecy clouds appearing over it are not the results of double printing or any camera trick. The negative was made by a single exposure, the direct rays of the sun being excluded by the plate holder. There was no appearance of the disk on the focusing screen during exposure.



"ABSTRACTION."—PHOTOGRAPHIC ART STUDY BY A. VIGNOS.



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"MAYFLOWERS."—PHOTOGRAPHIC ART STUDY BY JAMES L. BREESE.



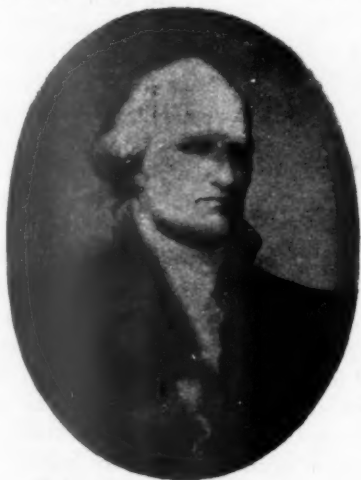
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"IN THE DAYS OF THE DIRECTORY."—PHOTOGRAPHIC ART STUDY BY JAMES L. BREESE.

"—— WHY THEN GO FAR?
AT HOME IS WHERE TRUE BLESSINGS ARE."

THERE seems to be a general awakening upon the subject of drinks.

All the great magazines have very elaborate articles upon home mineral waters, and, as usual, present many interesting facts. We are said to be about ninety per cent. water, and should feel a decided interest in the kind of water entering into our corporeal make-up. "We import waters and use them, thinking perhaps that they must be better because



GENERAL JOHN STARK.

they are imported, while at our own doors, within easy reach, are the selfsame beneficial and curative agents in rich copiousness."

In every instance they give interesting facts about the famous Londonderry (N. H.) Spring, which is creating such havoc among both the foreign and domestic water trade. A few facts, which explain why such signal success has crowned the

efforts of the company owning this spring, may not be uninteresting.

Years and years ago, fighting General John Stark, whose home, with that of "Mollie," was near the spring, discovered that his rheumatism was benefited by the water. Later on Horace Greeley, who spent a part of his youth in the old town of Londonderry, was led to look upon the water as most potent for the ills of mankind. So it comes to pass that for more than a century this water has been doing curative work, proving itself especially effective in battling against rheumatism, gout, gravel and Bright's disease, as well as other forms of kidney difficulties. One result of this record is that a very great amount of expert interest has been aroused, and there have followed learned discussions such as very few other curative agents have succeeded in evoking. There has also flowed into the company controlling the Londonderry Springs a constant volume of personal testimonials of the greatest value and significance.

In 1887 the present owners assumed management of this spring. It had been well known throughout New England for many years. They went to the physicians with claims, substantially, that this was the strongest and best natural lithia water. They published an analysis by the late Professor Halvorson in proof of their claim.

Soon after this, in June, 1887, Dr. A. C. Peale, in charge of the mineral water department in United States Geological Survey, read a paper upon the classifica-

tion of American Mineral Waters before the American Climatological Association in Baltimore, in which, after deprecating the habit of calling waters which only showed a trace of lithia "lithia water," he said :

"There is a fashion in mineral waters as in most other things. Sulpho-carbonated waters promise to come to the front in the near future; and at the present time lithia waters occupy a prominent place.

"I know of but one lithia water, however, in which the analysis shows enough lithia proportionately to entitle it to a distinct and separate place on every scheme of classification; that one is from the Londonderry Lithia Springs, of New Hampshire."

Two years later, 1889, Prof. J. F. Babcock, Boston's foremost chemist, was invited by some physicians to visit the Springs, examine the surroundings and report upon the probable permanency of the Spring. He wrote as follows:

"In reply to your letter of September 7th, I have to say that during the past summer I have several times visited the Londonderry Lithia Springs and have analyzed specimens of the water. The character of the mineral formation in the neighborhood of the spa is such that I see no reason for doubting that the waters will retain their present strength and quality, notwithstanding the very large amount which the company is bottling. This water is entitled to the confidence of the public, and especially of that class who suffer from the diseases for which it is claimed to be a specific, and it will maintain its position among the best waters of its class, both in this country and Europe."

About this time Dr. Satterlee, of New York, himself a professor of chemistry, published a work upon "Gout and Rheumatism," in which he gave Londonderry the compliment of a special analysis. In this book no other American water of its kind was mentioned, while this water was specially recommended. From that to the present time medical books, medical writers, the most eminent clinicians, including the great DaCosta, have indorsed and prescribed the water.

The company have recently requested Prof. G. Ogden Doremus to analyze the water in order to determine whether or not it still retains its old-time characteristics: "Approximately the same as shown by analyses made several years

ago" — says the eminent professor.

The company court the fullest investigation at all times, believing that in this way only can they retain their great popularity with the physicians and the public. As a result of the great success of this water, a quite lively

competition has sprung up from those who either claim to have a natural lithia spring, or who think they know how to make one. But to our mind these companies cannot seriously affect the Londonderry Company, whose contention is that lithia and water do not make lithia water in any way resembling Londonderry, which is a distinct medicinal compound, having a definite field of action, as much as opium or cinchona.

The lithia in the water, say they, does not comprise all the medicinal virtue, any more than the morphia represents all that is of clinical value in opium. Hence we say that any water which does not contain all the ingredients, compounded in the same order, something which can



THE BIRTHPLACE OF HORACE GREELEY ON
THE ROAD TO AMHERST.

never be known, is not a proper substitute for this old and reliable gift of nature. The writer has examined autograph letters from hundreds of the best known American and European physicians and read medical books and medical journals by the hour, in which the superior qualities of this water have been set forth in a most convincing manner.

The great DaCosta has prescribed it for this, Professor Hare for that, Professor Lyman for something else. In the "new school" Professor Hale, the most read of all authors, "prefers Londonderry to all other waters;" and so we might go on, filling fifty pages of this publication, but enough is as good as a feast.

All the world knows what this water is doing, and no one who knows all these things is surprised at its great popularity. That jealous rivals assail it with all the venom they can command, and bring to their support retained so-called experts, is not of any moment when such an array of reputable scientific opinion is available in its defense.

To clinch the matter while we are at it, let us take the evidence of one more authority; and this may well be accepted as a summing-up of the medical side of the question, so far as it relates to evidence of merit, since this journal may be regarded as voicing the opinion and experience of the profession it represents. In an editorial article the *New England Medical Monthly* took occasion to say:

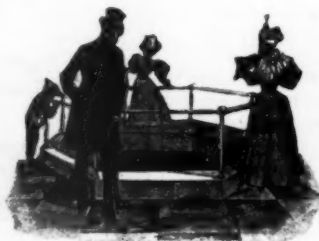
"The profession is at last awakening to the realizing sense of the value of mineral waters of the springs of the United States. We believe we have more potent waters in America than in any other country in the world. A notable instance of the latter we have in the Londonderry Lithia Spring water, of Nashua, N. H.

"This water was a few years ago comparatively unknown; it is now used in thousands of cases by as many doctors.

"Whatever the theory of a thing may

be, a personal test and practical experience on one's self tells the story whether a remedy is of value or not.

"During a visit to Europe in 1886, and after drinking the hard water at Brighton, the editor of the *New England Medical Monthly* was attacked with Nephritic Colic, and has ever since suffered from a Uric-Acid Diathesis. Hosts of remedies and many doctors were tried, and tried in vain. For two years we have drunk nearly one-half-gallon of the Londonderry Lithia Spring water each day, stopping all other treatment, and with almost entire relief. There can be no doubt that the result in our case has been little short of marvelous. We believe it is the best water in the world for this condition.



"We have found it useful, also, in a variety of other diseases—viz., rheumatism, and in all the forms of kidney diseases, especially."

The story of this particular premier—this monarch of all the table waters that ministers to good health while it quenches thirst, that adds a charm while it removes the sting from the cup that cheers, that is smiled upon at the feast and greeted in the chamber of ill health, that does good so pleasantly and so mysteriously, that has, in short, become a household favorite in many lands and a hospital favorite throughout the world because of its power to drive out uric acid—is not to be told in this short article.

There are scientific facts worthy of mention, with opinions from many of the ablest physicians—but these are all obtainable of the company whose good fortune it is to own this delightful water.

"A PROFESSOR OF BOOKS" —EMERSON

In glancing through one of the early volumes of Charles Dudley Warner's "Library of the World's Best Literature," we met, in the Emerson section, an extract from one of the sage's fine pages that ran in this wise:

"Meantime the colleges, whilst they provide us with libraries, furnish no professor of books; and, I think, no chair is so much wanted."

It is doubtful if any phrase could so happily describe at once the function and the achievement of Mr. Warner in his new and great work. He himself is essentially a "professor of books," although the charm of his work has tended to make us forget his wide and varied learning. And knowing not only books but living writers and critics as well, Mr. Warner has gathered around him as advisers and aids other "professors of books," not men of the Dryasdust school, but those who possess the same salient charm and graphic power as himself.

The result of this remarkable literary movement has been to provide the great reading public, the busy public of ever scant leisure, with just what Emerson declared more than half a century ago we so much needed, namely, a guide to the best reading.

Emerson indeed likens a library of miscellaneous books to a lottery wherein there are a hundred blanks to one prize, and finally exclaims that "some charitable soul, after losing a great deal of time among the false books and alighting upon a few true ones, which made

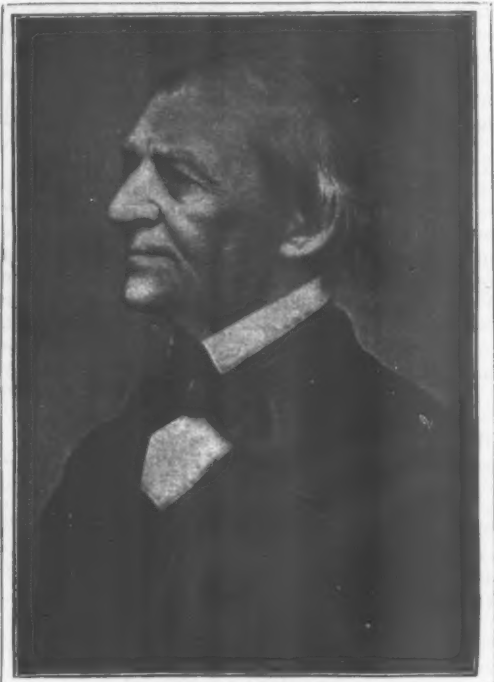
him happy and wise, would do a right act in naming those which have been bridges or ships to carry him safely over dark morasses and barren oceans into the heart of sacred cities into palaces and temples."

This is precisely what Mr. Warner's new library does in the fine, critical articles which preface the master-works of the greatest writers.

Think what is here accomplished. In the case of Emerson himself, the general voice has proclaimed his two volumes of "Essays" a requisite for every library. But if we have the wish to go farther and know more of the work of our greatest man of letters, what volume shall we select? There are ten or eleven others to choose from. Looking into Mr. Warner's Library we find that Dr. Richard Garnett, of the British Museum, a life-long student and biographer of Emerson, has written a critique that gives us exactly what we wish to know.

Again, take the case of the man

who occupies in German life the same place as the sage of Concord in American life. All told, Goethe's writings comprise seventy compact volumes. Emerson himself, in one of those delightful letters he wrote to Carlyle, tells how, after years of effort, "he has succeeded in getting through thirty-five," and despairs of the other half! But who, even among those who call themselves well read, have despatched thirty-five volumes of the great German, or even half or third of thirty-five? Nevertheless, we do not



RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

A PROFESSOR OF BOOKS.

like to remain without at least a general and historical view of Goethe's tremendous activity, and, furthermore, if we go beyond "Faust" or "Wilhelm Meister," we are—the most of us—lost in a sea of conjecture as to which of the remaining sixty-eight volumes we shall attack.

How happily has Mr. Warner here come to our relief! He has chosen to prepare the Goethe section for the Library no less a scholar than Prof. Edwin Dowden, of Dublin, the President of the Goethe Society of England. The assignment was most fitting, as no Englishman since Carlyle is so well versed in all that pertains to the great German; none knows better of his strength and power, none better his shortcomings and his weaknesses. Here we have the distilled essence of his criticism, together with Professor Dowden's choice of what is of paramount and lasting value in the legacy Goethe has left to us.

Professor Evans, of Munich, performs for us a like service with Schiller. Prof. Maurice Francis Egan does the same with Calderon; Prof. Charles Eliot Norton, of Harvard, with Dante; Prof. Santayana with Cervantes; the historian Lecky with Gibbon; Charlton T. Lewis with Bacon, and so on. Never, it seems to us, was so much talent, such an array of eminent names pressed into service for the production of such compact and pregnant exposition and criticism.

It would be a great mistake, however, to believe that the new Library which Mr. Warner and his associates have prepared has to do with nothing but the "classics." Here, for instance, is Dumas the elder. Who is there that has not fallen a victim to the stirring romances of "The Three Musketeers" and their extensive kin? Many of us, when we have once got into their companionship, hardly know where to stop. But we do not want to be misled into reading an immense number of worthless and mediocre stories that Dumas, in the burst of his fame, was led to palm off as his own, though they were in reality the work of others. There never was a more delightful "professor of books" than Andrew Lang, and we doubt if there is any one living who could tell us so much as he has told us in the Library of what is interesting and what we wish to know of Dumas.

We cross from the field of romance over into that of poetry, and the first name we chance upon is that of Wordsworth, one of the greatest poets who ever lived—no one questions that. And yet what great poet ever left so much fine wheat mixed with so much chaff? Dr. R.

H. Hutton, the editor of the London "Spectator," and one of the sanest and most appreciative of living critics, has chosen for this Library the best of Wordsworth's poetry, and has planned such further journeys through the poet's writings as the reader may wish to take.

And so we might go on. But we think we have made clear to the reader that which struck us so forcibly when we looked into the Emerson section, namely, how finely Mr. Warner has, in his Library, succeeded in satisfying the great want which Emerson there so well voiced—that of a "professor of books." Exactly as the professor of chemistry or physics or astronomy or biology gives the student a view of the whole field of his science, the summary of its achievements, its great names and its great works, so Mr. Warner and his associates have given us the distillation not merely of the whole world's literature, in itself a colossal attempt, but, in addition, its history, biography, and criticism as well. It is only when we grasp its full import that we realize the truly vast and monumental character of the Library. It must assuredly rank as one of the most notable achievements of the century.

The widespread desire among all classes to possess these thirty treasure volumes is clearly indicated by the number and character of letters which are received daily by Harper's Weekly Club, through which Mr. Warner's Library is being distributed, from all parts of the world.

The first edition of an important and costly work like the Library is indisputably the most valuable because printed from the new, fresh plates, thus bringing out both type and engravings with noticeable clearness and beauty. The superiority of first editions is best shown by the universal custom of publishers to demand more for them than for those issued later. But the publishers of Mr. Warner's Library have actually so reduced the price of their most valuable and desirable first edition that, just at present, it is obtainable for about half of the regular subscription price; and the additional privilege of easy monthly payments is also accorded. The material concessions are made so as to quickly place a few sets in each community for inspection. But as only a few of these introductory sets from the much-sought-after first edition now remain, it becomes necessary for readers who desire a particularly choice set of the work (at about half price besides) to write at once for particulars to Harper's Weekly Club, 91 Fifth Avenue, New York.

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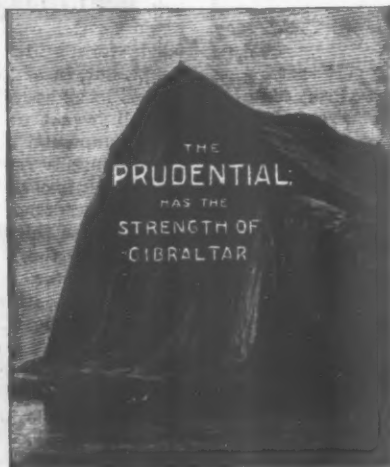
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Assets	\$6,889,674	\$19,541,827	\$12,652,153
Surplus	1,449,057	4,034,116	2,585,059
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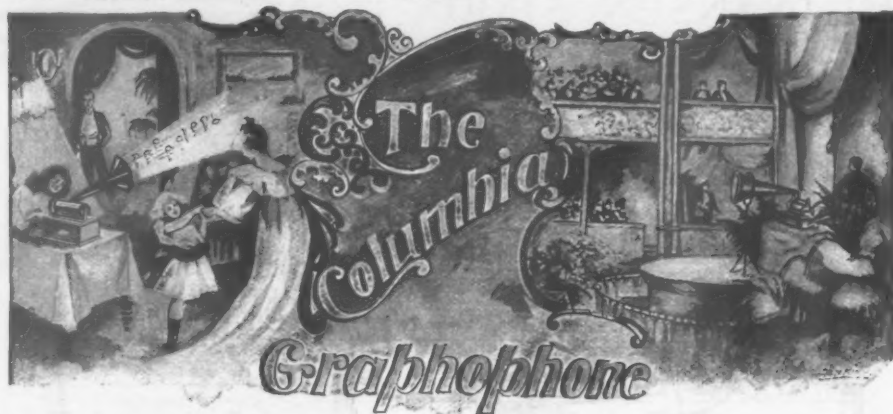
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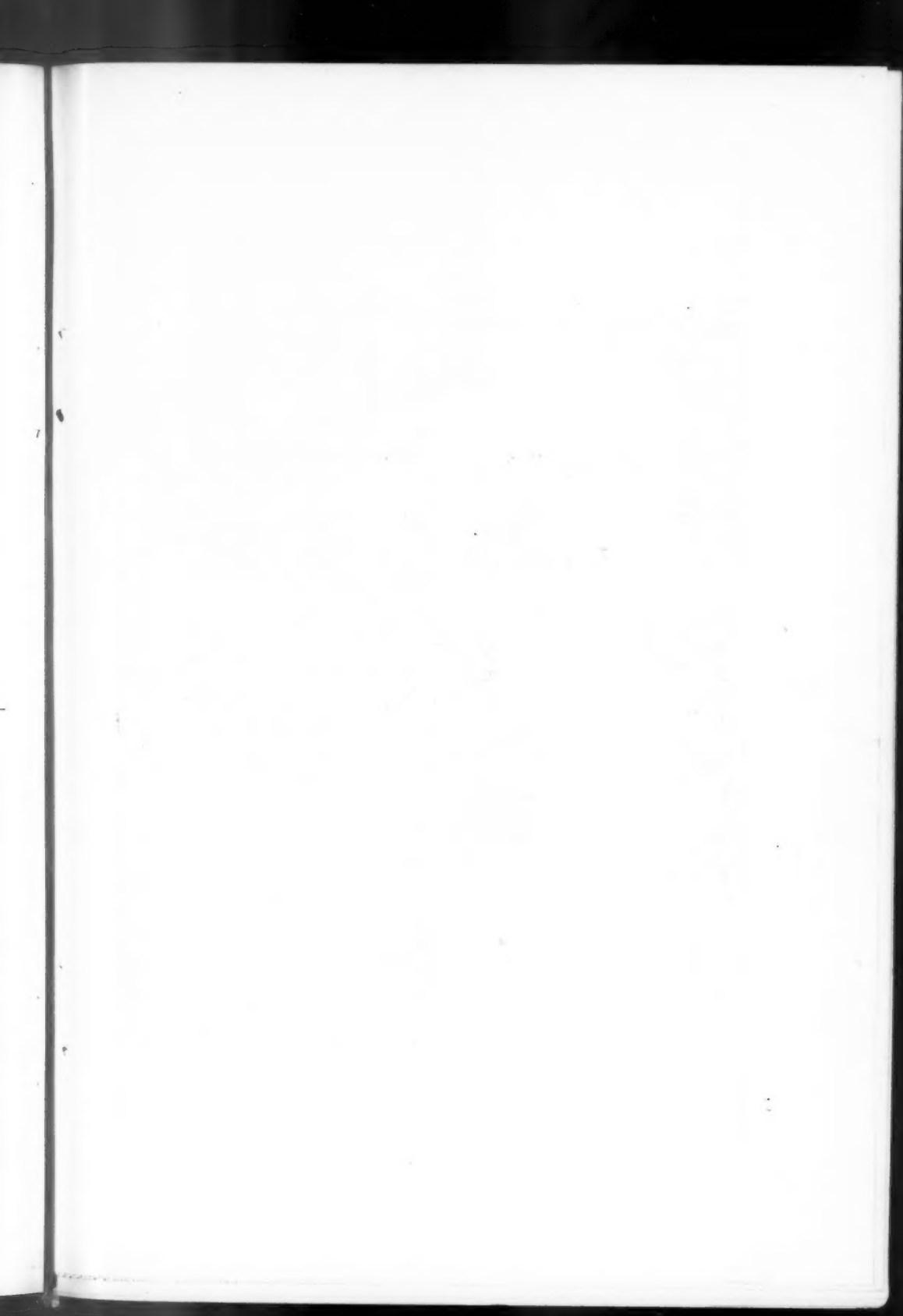
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